

A JOURNAL

by
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I HAVE AWOKEN AROUND FIVE
thirty this morning, and have taken
care of my hygeine, and other
chores, and am now sitting down
with this word processor software,
on my smart device, and with my

keyboard on my lap. Words are coming fairly easily, so I'll see what is contained within. Having some writing started, I've found, is the best way to approach a new day, as, for instance, such provides a welcome external focus for my mind's rambling... and lets me build incrementally, adding into some quality product, *for some future times' reading*. I've found, lately, that my most recent piano recordings are some of my best. The musical ideas contained therein are coherent, and succinct.

I'll be proud to let this new playing somewhat stand for my self, *as I move into a good new beginning, again, and get along into my future.* I don't have any set theme, or idea for this new writing, other than '*therapy journal,*' and am just approaching such as a journal entry... I'll put into it some thoughts, and see where it goes from there. Numerous times, in the past week or two, I've found such good ideas, that I've wanted to start some writing, like this, but I have refrained, somewhat...

lacking an initial kind of
'groundbreaking,' such as this is...
I've stuffed the ideas, and moved
along past them. But, now,
hopefully I'll have a convenient
locale in which to place any new
ideas, so as to make some foot
steps, into my literary future. After
the previous writing, I allowed
myself to just coast, for a while,
resting in the contentment, of a
completed project. It only takes a
little courage, to begin anew again.
When new writing comes *'As easily*
as leaves on a tree,' then my new

time will have began. This is this new writing. At any rate, today should be a partly sunny, chilly and breezy new day. Tomorrow, we're expecting clouds, and the northern parts of my state, here are, I think, expecting wintry precipitation, which may include snow. But, our area here should just be overcast, and cold, with our temperatures the next two nights, down into the teens, and then just barely making it out of the upper thirties for a high, tomorrow, and not even that warm, for Thursday. *But sun*

returning then. So, this is the mid winter. As long as I've got some heat, inside my home, or apartment, such is completely easy to deal with. But, I've camped and hiked in weather like this, so such doesn't really scare me much. The animals seem to like it fine, as well, and the birds are greeting the new sunshine this morning, enthusiastically chirping, and sounding off. *My writing is just like my Spirit's singing out.* Anyway, I'll get my medicine over here... we all will. Then shortly

after, we'll head to the main office for our monthly meeting. I'll work on this writing, and hopefully get it further along down my page. *This will put me ahead, in some important ways, and then we'll get back here, for the rest of the day.*

My word processor application on my phone was made for days like this one. All revisions get saved automatically, and then you can send your completed text file to your download folder using your file manager application, when you're done with it. At any

rate. Any given moment of my time, today, ***I'm apt to use my yoga stretch visualization.*** This is an essential practice, which can bring clarity to my mind, through the worst migraines. This lets you easily soar over the 'lonely immaturity,' in ways that the younger people won't know of. I myself was among this group, until just the recent two years, or so of my life. So, this advance put me in a place of better comfort, and surety. *Positive life changes, such as getting first priority, when*

moves come up, have come along as well, in part from my yoga stretch visualization... as well as just having the self confidence enough to do the things I have to do, in my life... important meetings and engagements are handled differently, and are less dreaded, as I'm more competent, and sure of myself. Ordinary restarts are easier, and new plans, and projects tend to come along from any set back, as you'll be developing work at any given time, and will look forward to, and

expect these improvements. My own work, such as this, if the Lord is willing, will continue. So, these are my thoughts, this morning... I get them down as quickly as I can, and then, with perspective, can see what they mean to me. ***These two phases are always present... the active, and the intuitive, and the passive, and reflective.*** At any rate, I sit and collect these ideas. When I've gotten down some thoughts, and can think of them as new enterprise, I'll somewhat know,

then, how to categorize them, and group them in with others... whether as a new year's journal, or just as a new month, or under some other heading, which I'll think of later. *The early beginning steps of a new set are usually the hardest.* But some of your first considerations, will be already a given, such as the presence of your spirit guides, and your mode of inputting... whether by on screen keyboard, or external keyboard, and your location. *I'm somewhat familiar with writing on*

the go... in a car, or in various settings, such as doctor's office or public park, you get the idea. At any rate being familiar with these styles will make you more confident through changes. If you have gotten good results, before, you'll tend to repeat these same ways, over again. Here's something... having a portfolio of finished works, as in audio chapters stored on a playback device, allows you a wide variety of styles to imitate, and replicate... just shuffling through, and playing

back randomly will give you limitless good ideas, possibilities of styles, and attitudes, and tones. When you can see your way, into finding new ideas... lines and paragraphs... onto your page, you'll then know what I mean. ***There is not any better way, than to have a trusted familiar, who is willing to let you be your fullest potential, and who won't trip you up, over things you won't and can't do.*** So you'll be surprised how well you can do, among friends, on ordinary

honest terms. At any rate, these are some thoughts. Having good ideas for this, is a benefit not taken for granted. Such will eventually come along to you, when you're in possession of an inherent duality of gender attraction. The good ideas are sparked from gender contrast in this way. Ordinary living will show this to be true. *Our temperatures here are quite warm, with the bright sun shining on us in this hot van... I'm about to the point of overheating, now. (I would take*

my coat off, now.) Well, we're back on the road now. We'll be back to the home in fifteen minutes. **So much of what our minds tell us we've got to worry about each day, are just the coal rocks in the mine... It's pointless to worry over them... just look at them as raw materials, for industry.** I've noticed before, how time takes my healthy mind, and makes me worry over paranoid delusions, and over those of the people I love... maybe, until our society manages to get itself over

the hump, into the next downhill stretch, I'll tend to worry over things that aren't real... for instance, in any doubting, by me of my good angels, I'll see larger sized messages, telling me of all of the ways I've failed, and lost at the games of life. *These are my own miss assumptions, about what I do not know of, in the first place.* Most of the time, I should only worry about my own shortcomings. ***On the downhill stretch, worries and doubts about myself will retreat enormously,***

and won't bother me. 'The eagle flies on Friday.' But, any ordinary work day, will be likely to include some difficult labor. Just learn to notice the in between times, when work is light. I've been writing along on this article, since early this morning... coming home, from our arduous team meetings, at our office, where I've been writing in the meanwhile, while the others and myself, had our meetings, this afternoon, the first thing that I want to do, after I get home, ***is get this writing***

out, and continue following the good ideas along onto this page. Because, my mind is on fire with the newness, and wonder of a new creation... **a new book is started.** This makes this present time, my hours in my day, invaluable. We all have the same number of hours in each day... **how one uses them is his or her business.** We all want to please our managers and administrators... only a few of us have learned how to make use of our hidden talents, through writing,

music, and art of any kind. If you think about it, doing art might be pretty thankless work... but you'll always have the satisfaction of knowing that you've given someone something they'll like... they might even love it. At least, you will have put your best into a project, a product. *The best part, is that anyone on Earth with an internet connection can find the same thing, and derive equal benefit, whatever the day, or the hour of the night.* I've developed an affinity for my latest artwork...

Such as this is made of separate parts which become a whole. I especially like how, when you exalt the commonplace, as in tree bark, or a patch of grasses, you really can 'see as nature sees.' In pop art, you do something similar... you can take a piece of consumer culture, such as found in advertising art, and put it on a pedestal... this is very similar... by exhibiting the random patterns in nature, whether it's vegetable, or animal, or mineral, we're suggesting that the genetics, and

natural processes that shape such objects are worth consideration, in themselves.

The 'Great Designer,' the flow of Time itself can be seen as art.

Isn't this a way of giving attention to the 'Man Upstairs?' In other words, the coal rocks in the mine... they provide some of the fuel that powers our lives... but this 'fabric' of sorts... doesn't it have its own views onto our lives? *By looking deeper, and checking in with this 'Designer,' we might learn more about ourselves.* The religions of

the world, suggest that we get to know the singers in the '**Choir Invisible,**' for instance... we might also feature that which we take for granted in other ways... such as the designs in nature. Haven't you thought how living in this world puts us in contact with so many raw materials... dense forms in general... how better to meld our lives into this planetary sphere, than by consuming, and making usage of the calories, and nutritional components found in animal and plant matter? We can't

really divorce ourselves much from nature, can we? Everything's fine on a city hike until the sidewalk jumps up and bites us, as we stroll. Or our dinner disagrees with us. *We thought that we were on better terms, than that.* At any rate, these have been a few thoughts. I hope they find you restive and contented. I'll send this along your way now. All for now. Greg

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'A setback, for instance, can be an opportunity for a writer to grow, in numerous ways.' *I think, that the best thing about recovery is in knowing how a thing is behind oneself.* In other words, a writer, for instance, should be able to see that his or her future, even after a set back, such as a relapse, might be more or less artistically free, *and remember not to think himself to be limited, or restricted to only writing in certain ways.* Because, in living, I think you'll find, no situation is immutable, *and there*

are truly an infinite number of paths one can take from any given point. Knowing and understanding this, can be life changing. If it feels right, for you to think about **'possibilities in writing and artistry,'** for instance, then you just might be onto something. As a teenager, I found that any creative work was difficult... I was alone, artistically, (*or felt myself to be, anyway,*) but in actuality I was being carried carefully by the spiritual community which I was to later join in consciousness with,

and work closely with. A solitary person will hungrily absorb any signs of consciousness 'from the beyond,' from the silent spaces of his or her mind. But, for many, the sense of being alone, will be great, and his or her beliefs, in anything, will sometimes get very dim. He might feel that he has to rely entirely on pills and potions, such as inebriants, for any inner light to be shown to him at all. *If only I could have known, how sick that practice made me look in the eyes of those around me.* But, at any

rate, I eventually came, from this to the proverbial 'end of my rope,' and had a very bad mental spell, and awoke in the hospital recovery ward, with stitches, and the great agitation and restlessness gone entirely, *and this story comes up still today, and I will relate it again.* The point I'm making, is that creative work is, and can be difficult. The presences about my life, (*angels, aliens, animas,*) somehow manage to broker my quality time, using a kind of 'tormented artist,' concept, which

in times like these, when work is being developed subconsciously, or unconsciously, by myself, tends to put me on a path of mental 'labor.' *This continues only so long, before words pour forth onto an empty page.* In the act of writing, my vessel somewhat rights itself, in the water, ***and I eventually get where I'm going, and find myself on 'higher ground.'*** This 'brokering,' and 'bargaining,' it would seem, with Mother Nature, for a work which is informed by the consciousness of natural powers,

has resulted in a lifetime of work...
a portfolio which is still, to this day, growing. This time which we are living in, though, in certain places on the globe, has seen so much bad fate, and calamity, though, *that I just about can't talk about this.* It's one thing, to blame nature, when natural forces create a bad flood, or cyclone, which wreaks havoc, and kills people and destroys property. *It's another thing to practically fear the very natures within our own hearts and minds, because of our having seen*

so many messed up situations, where a person's split second choices were wrong. The pilot pulled up, when he or she should have pushed the nose down. Someone made a serious judgment error, or got forced into making a bad mistake, and lives were lost. We look back across the recent weeks and months, and wonder quite what is going on... with so many fateful accidents... it seems to be a time of chaos and confusion. But, here's the truth... There are more safe journeys,

completed, which we never hear much about, nowadays, than there have ever been. Earths population, I think, is always growing, *and so more people than ever will travel, to get to work, family, and recreation destinations.* We don't always hear much at all about all of these safe journeys, completed. People in the know, will tell you, that there is a lower mortality rate from accidents, and violent crime, and sickness and illness, *than ever before.* People are living longer than they did,

even in the nineteen eighties, when some of us were children. This is kind of hard to understand, because we've got such an abundance of information, in our modern lives... *we all know instantaneously, when anything bad happens, and this itself is something that mortals have never had to see, as vividly as we do today.* But, signs are better, as I think there were more crimes thirty and forty years ago... and there was more fatal illness, and overdose. I think we collectively

somewhat tried to clean our act up, over the past twenty years, *and address such problems as rampant opioid abuse.* The seventies and eighties had more of this, and attention was drawn to these overdoses, *and doctors were ordered to stop prescribing them.* I believe, that there was, for many young people especially, a lot of attention deficit and hyperactivity disorders... does anyone else see that this kind of thing began to be seen in the nineteen eighties, into the nineties, *as the big societal*

shift in power, from the elite, who held important positions, or had publishing contracts, back to the everyday grass roots people, who began to have personal computers, and the internet? In my life, part of me knew that there was a better life, up ahead, in self publishing, *and that this would get the best works of my life, into the internet, where anyone could enjoy them...* part of me knew this would be, *eventually.* But, the problem was, when I began to lose my childhood innocence, I somewhat fell into the

spiritual domain of certain ancestors, who, for all of their worldly ways, had been drinkers, in their life, and when I somewhat rejected a focused collegiate life, and education, these presences took control, mentally and for the decade of my twenties, especially the first five years after graduating high school, *I drank a lot, and took a lot of other drugs, too. (But at least I kept myself from serious harm.)* You should see, how after five years of this way of living, it began to dawn upon me, *that*

*'something basic was missing,' and so I set my heart upon discovering just what this was. So, I think, a few people saw me, then... I gave up my job, and began to shut myself off, **and at a point, came into consciousness of higher beings.** Okay, I said to myself... so this is important. **This is big.** (But, shutting ones self off, can lead to certain death... suicide.) This spirit consciousness proved to be a magnifying lens, and I was somewhat cast upon the rocks, and became weighed down by this*

agitated restless condition. At this point, I realized that I could lessen this suffering, too, by... you guessed it... those same pills and potions, and inebriants, *only now, I absolutely had to have these drugs, or I felt bad. Constantly... Very bad.* Today, I know, how, I could have told a doctor of my condition... and he or she could have prescribed me a course of Ritalin, or Adderall, and the gulf between myself and my printed works, and music recordings could have been thereby bridged in this

manner. But, I couldn't tell a soul of my condition... ***I felt that I was cursed, and so suffered in silence. Plus, I had a life to run, or so I felt. I wouldn't have let anyone take my freedoms... my liberty from me.*** The point I'm making, somewhat, is how people sometimes have to toil, and labor over the most mundane of mental, physical, spiritual woe, for what may seem like an eternity, for some, *but this in many cases can be seen as a kind of brokering, or*

dues paying, for the later good of a quality written output, such as a life's work, or a productivity spell, or what is commonly spoken of as a writer's 'boon.' A groundbreaking 'thesis,' or 'magnum opus,' can come about, and, if the person hasn't crossed any serious legal lines, or gotten himself or herself in bad trouble, *this can even lead to a life's work of creative excellence, in internet content development.* But, before any of this goodness can happen, for some people, the hereditary

powers in his family tree might get him or herself somewhat into a cycle of addiction, and then he might lose a whole term of time... *I mean a whole decade, to alcohol and pills.* The 'cycle of addiction,' is usually fatal to a person. Automobile wrecks, drug overdoses, and suicide look, to me, to be the main culprits *when a person is habituating with a substance.* Being in the wrong environment at the wrong time, for some is fatal. Cars, women, alcohol, drugs, and the streets

aren't friendly factors for everyone. Some won't make it through. At any rate, if this sort of digital divide, or gulf is ever bridged successfully, then the person can qualify for a better time, ***and even come into a grown up, or professional art of his or her own.*** He might just be limited to his social welfare system, and have to rely on group home living in order to keep his sobriety and sanity intact. Some of us will be solitary sorts, and we will wish mainly to be alone with

our thoughts. These are those who will really benefit most from group home living... *but the gulf... the divide... might have to be successfully bridged.* So, but I think that some people make it through this, and do get into a healthy environment, and discover and enjoy the benefits of a healthy, sober life in a communal environment. *To make a long story short, such detours, and setbacks as I've spoken of, even just simple fantasies and imagination, can be such a setback, that a person*

might want to forgive himself for such. If this can be done, he or she can yet walk away with his personal victory, from the time he's been given, and get back into more healthy work, and creating. You see, so this might be my goal in life... this building and creativity, but I don't think that I want to bring any unwanted child into the world, for a court to assign a nanny to take care of. I couldn't wish to limit the free spirit of anyone, much less myself, by bringing life into the world... so

you're thinking right, flights of fantasy are sometimes the better alternative. When my time on Earth is through, I expect to go up to the next level, where I'll be outside of this lands linear space and time.

Worries will be different, then. At any rate, these have been a few thoughts, and I'll look back at them and revise them as the evening gets along tonight. I'll eventually get the bugs worked out. Well, I'll bring this writing to a close, and send it along your way, now. All

for now, Greg.

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I believe, that we do indeed look to positive role models, as our examples, of how we should conduct our lives. But, in our commercialized society, everything we see, and the people we look at on the television... personalities in our library... juke boxes... *these are looking to get more viewers, or listeners, for better ratings, for higher advertising revenue... from*

their sponsors, and advertisers, and underwriters, who pay for the air time, and keep the stations employees paid. For many people, this is all too confusing, and our personal ideals, to us, seem like they are not getting any attention, or acknowledgment, from such personalities, and role models, because they have such a vivid sense of the bottom line... the monies that can, and have to be earned, and accumulated, to remain in operation. Even our favorite film and television actors,

and actresses, are personalities, who depend on the fiscal advantage of being in one film rather than another. *People have to be strategic, and design their lives, their career, and image weaving, around the most advantageous income.* So many people have to find peace, really, with our capitalist system... *because their artistic ideals, and aspirations are too epicurion, and noble...* many, I think, feel that they want their personal reading material to be only the purest

artistic expression, and the most genuine of aesthetics. ***And, isn't this really the world where the hippie dream of a radio and television which you yourself control the content of... because you made it yourself... has come into fruition?*** We want our infotainment, and theater to be only the purest, and truest most idealistic art possible... **so we make our own.** I've done this for years, and have built quite a folio of artistic and musical and literary audio visual creations. I'll

have to choose my own, or I'll want mine 'in the mix.' All that I want to do is tell you about my company... my publishing house... my non profit media resource... and my morning will be made complete. **I want to get my shameless self promotion in.** At any rate, there are many people like me, and who have their own media development company, and so on and so forth, and have good work online, in an easy to access cabinet, under a house name, for instance, or label name. But, I guess, in our ordinary

life, we are partly looking to emulate, and replicate the good results which our role models and heroes got. You might ask yourself, '**Who are our role models?**' Our favorite actors, or directors? I would suggest that young minds be given family albums, and photographs from a young age. I think they should hear views, and opinions, about which relations, and ancestors were thought to be admired, and which were thought to have done a good job, in those days. Was it

their work, which made their legacy so appreciated? Or was it their parenting ability? Or their part time hobbies, and crafts... *just how do we value our ancestors' names and reputation?* Just who should young minds look to? Who should we model ourselves upon? The stars on the television, *or maybe our very own families' heroes?* Whether it's the hard workers, or the military veterans, and that honor... or the ancestors who were devout Christian believers... or who made the most

money, or who had the best kids and grandkids? Just what are our values with regards to those who have come before us? Because, simply, we ourselves wish to enjoy some of that same approval, by emulating or replicating their good work, and good reputation... *by following their legacy.* And this desire to repeat, and carry on their good name informs so much of our lives. Our home life, for instance. I believe, that if I can keep up a good craft and hobby life, for instance, then even though I might

not be a bread winner, or a successful entrepreneur, *I'll still enjoy some of the positive fruit of having 'done good,' and left unto the world useful, or artistic, or novel, or innovative contributions.* I can think of one of my relatives, who passed away around the time I was born... I do good, when I can see myself as being somewhat like him. His wood carving, some of it, was very aesthetic, and had clean, beautiful design... *this was his contribution, and he's spoken of favorably, for this craft work.* He

also was the post master, for the small town, of probably about fifty people, back then. But the positive things I was told about him, were mainly his good hands, and ability to make things out of wood. So, I think to myself, 'If I can be spoken of in a positive light, as he was, with his inventive ways, and ability to build things, *then that will suffice for my fair share.*' I'll rest in peace knowing that I at least could do this writing, and music, and art, for instance. *I'm proud of this, and this is not*

without value. Especially, this imitation of our favorite role model becomes meaningful, as times in our land get off course, and our way gets crowded out by unfortunate twists of fate, and happenstance. *Sometimes, plain old misfortune appears to block out any good we might have had to offer, or any good product we can share.* So, around the house, here, I'm looking to keep up my house work, and do my share, in this respect, and show my house mate respect, and consideration.

I'm also looking to keep myself steadfastly involved in my crafts and hobbies. I understand my predicament, my weaknesses, and schizophrenia... my scars especially, make me somewhat set apart, and I have to stay in a group home. ***But, on the other hand, I quite like my writers' voice, and my music label, my artist name, has a lot of good music to it's credit.*** If it's only for accompanying peoples' studying, or creating, or reading, or painting, or writing... this instrumental

music, I feel can be a nice assist for peoples' ordinary creative lives. *So, I think that these qualities are to be valued, and if this is all I'm remembered for, then that's fine.* I'll at least be somewhat seen as my uncle was, I tell myself, who built his own house, and lived in it all of his years, and who gave unto our family some nice wood carvings, and made a banjo from scratch, and also did a decent job as post master. So, the way I look at it, our society should give our young people family albums,

early in their life. Because, eventually, the young person will seek to repeat the good results of those who were thought successful. Won't they? *The very fact that I survived my 'drinking years,' and didn't over dose, or die in a car wreck, and minded my own business, and didn't bother anyone outside myself, should tell you that something worked properly, in my growing up years. It just makes me think, someone... it must have been our guardian Angels... **kept us safe and***

sound, and we made it through to some successful retrospect, and sense of accomplishment.

This writing, for instance, is a contribution, as well as the music that I've shown the world. Something worked right, in my mind, my spirit and soul must have had the right concept, or the right connection, or something... *In order to keep this stuff straight, and to bring wins out of a recovered life, who didn't always live wisely.* In my youth, I had had to experiment with alcohol and

substances, due to my own disbelief in the norms, and my mental confusion, in coming to enlightenment of my own spirit and soul. Some folks had this same background, and didn't even survive those years, or else made too much of a mess, and were thought reproachful... *I seem to have made it through.* So, surely it was our Angels who saw us through it... *there's really no other good answer.* So, and the others surrounding my life surely can think to themselves, especially the

younger people, how the spirit phenomena, and meditation practices, and ways of seeing the full 360 degree field in our visual self, and the meditation music, and mysticism... *these inner things might mean something.* They might even point to a world where those who have ascended, and gone before, might, just maybe accompany ourselves, **only we're not taught expressly to be awares of it.** Someone, or something must have looked out for ourselves from a young age,

and might even be the reason why we are in this world... this cross dimensional conversation, or trans mind conveyance, or odyssey... this pairing of solid with liquid, or dense with ephemeral. *Just what is this place for, and how should we conduct ourselves, and how can we ourselves be thought to be upright?* By emulating those who have come before? Is this it? *Well, these are some thoughts.* I would encourage young minds to consider, 'Just whose thoughts are these?' Who is thinking them? If

this might be our own '*genetic backgrounds...*' our '*family trees,*' or just what? At any rate, these have been some ideas. I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

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As I sit, to put a few thoughts together, on this sunny, cool, late February morning, I'm considering several things. *We sometimes get put into imaginary situations, by the spirits and ghosts in our lives.*

The general consensus which those who have been to the edge, and over, and back again, is that higher intelligence has ourselves at their complete mercy, *and these things sometimes consume our span of attention.* It's important to somewhat have a good grip on one's emotional ranges, and various frames of mind, which will come up on an ordinary day, anyways. If this can be accomplished, then you'll probably be able to navigate the changes, and not be completely

overwhelmed by phenomena which you are so unfamiliar with. When we've lived long enough in our lives, *in the range of fifteen to twenty thousand days*, we'll be reasonably competent, by default, and, although emotions, and other phenomena will come and go, your baseline will be a fairly sure grounding, and will bring a stability despite such mental and emotional changes. You will know how you yourself are, and you won't get surprised by new things so easily. Having any type of 'yoga stretch'

visualization is really the key to resilience, and adaptability, as times and circumstances in your life are seen to flux, and morph. You'll thank yourself endlessly, if you'll just, when you're feeling overwhelmed, reach your hands and arms up past the sides of your head, and let this exercise center yourself in your person, so that you don't get pulled too far to the right or the left. We all have an astral, imaginal dimension unto our lives, *where truth and fiction are seen to overlap and interplay.* You'll doubt

that this simple thing is true...
you'll tell yourself that there are no
fixed points in your mind... but I
would remind you of your own
spirit, light body, and astral
vehicle... *and how this is
necessarily the grounding for
everything else which transpires in
your mind.* You'll see what I mean,
when you're feeling lost and
buffeted, and can gain immediate
stability, and assurance by this
simple act of 'raising your hands
skyward.' *Your mind always finds
relief and restoration, when you*

show unto it, the upward flowing, rising being which your self is, and when you don't forget this simple exercise. On a day like this one, I might be feeling as if imaginary conceptions, and ideas... (which tell me that I'm lost, and not found...) are all around myself. But in living, if we'll make contact with our Angel, who looks lovingly over ourselves, and who knows the way... and allow her higher light to focus down into your life, by directing thoughts onto the empty page, or lines and colors onto a

canvas, or sketchbook page... we'll find the guidance we need. ***Living can be seen as a highly competitive sort of 'foot race,' where 'secret knowledge,' 'spatial communion,' comes with an array of benefits, among which will be stability and grounding within such realm.*** This is why we have thoughts of the 'yoga stretching,' visualization, as I've described. But, sometimes, it's our hearts that lead us astray. What do I do, in living, when I find that my

thoughts, and beliefs, are strong, and my yoga stretching, or centering meditation is good, and my work is so very good, and I'm sure to go behind myself, and look for errors, and mistakes... so I stay out of trouble, by hustling in that way... and fixing all of my issues keeps me in the clear for a long time... but, I'm too quick to get into trouble, *by relapsing into sensual or romantic fantasy encounters?* This type of thing can take a strong, sure career path, and life accomplishments,

and make it appear weak, and unprincipled. But, this type of thing alone, won't ruin your good work, and reputation, and sanity... *you'll come through it.* If your previous life's ways were ordered principally around fantasy, and imagination, then these ways will tend to stay with you. Indeed, our society is supportive of the notions, of how '***We all have our own mind, body, and imagination...***' '***How we use them, in our own home, is up to us.***' 'If I want to be a writer, or

artist, or illustrator, or designer, then that is my own business. So, never doubt yourself on this key point. There will be certain types of products which you will be able to, with great practice, make and offer for trading, in the common market place, which your home, or transportation, or internet connection puts you near unto. *Of importance is developing the skills necessary for you to make and offer this product.* This, if spirit is at the helm of your life, will come along if you try, despite failures,

and setbacks. Through making many failed attempts at the goal of a grown up, or mature art form, *you will eventually build in your life the experience and skills to know what it takes to do this thing.* Many of us will be life long readers... our lives will be ordered around fantasy and imagination, *we'll be accustomed to the 'theater of the imagination,' and we won't depart much from this way.* In life, most of the time, we should somewhat do that which is asked of us, by spirit, and be

prepared to walk such back, to your good baseline grounding, and make a good new beginning. *If you're not prepared to walk a thing back, then don't do it.* I would say, how for years I've understood how healthy, happy, fulfilled and useful existence, for most people, is something of a '*state of careful grace.*' After a career of twenty or more years, in writing, music, and doing art, therapeutically... the beings which you may relate to cognitively, spiritually, will be powerful beings, who have much

sway over many of our areas of living. Navigating your life, amidst these powerful beings, as may be, may require air tight relationships, which are clean, sober, straight, and sane. So, *'How is your life built up?'* *'What are your values?'* *'Can you show yourself forgiveness, when you do make a mistake?'* And, *'Can you tell the difference between a mistake and a choice?'* My common sense, tells me, that I'll locate, any sensual love, which arises about myself, as I wander, through the arid deserts

of my life, *and like the proverbial 'hungry heart,' will find the epicenter of dream and imagination, at any given time.*

This is just common sense, that we'll seek to get these phenomena *'behind us,'* when they arise, and come to the fore... ***or risk losing***

sleep over imaginary relationships which aren't physically extant. Dealing with

the ups and downs of fantasy encounters, is part of what living contains. This is one of the reasons we do arts and music, and

crafts in the first place... to add these little relationship details into an ongoing continuum, rendered on, or into external media. At any rate, these are just things which can be found, through thinking logically. *If I perceive that a love, or a fantasy, or a crush is keeping me awake, long past my bedtime, thinking of this person... I'll then seek to expend, or defuse, or deplete the fantasy potentialities, so that I can get to sleep.* Most of the time, there is no such trouble, and I get to sleep just fine. *But*

sometimes there will be this potential energy tension. It keeps me awake, only until I deplete, or defuse, or exhaust it. This should be apparent to yourself. I always have to try, and do something, to get the experience to get behind myself. You want to try and be sensible, and take practical measures to get the troubles behind yourself. It's not illegal to fantasize. It's usually a necessary part of being a man, in the world. But, along with being practical, we do have to try and 'Do the right

thing,' in all conscious decision making. *Innocence has to be clung unto despite all else.* And, I will say, that from my own experience, life turns, and situations... the work we do in publishing music, or video, *will in ordinary living, place yourself at the more or less complete disposal of higher intelligence.* Some have called these immortal beings 'waifs,' or 'elementals,' or 'dryads,' *and they will have us, being mortals, at their complete mercy.* I first encountered these beings at

around my age twenty three, and was shown numerous, myriad abilities, and powers of these souls. *Surrendering my pride, and ego, I discovered, and finding abilities I didn't know I had was par for the course, and I was only given success, gradually allowed entrance into life, over time.* The terms, conditions for such relationships to exist, are in some ways, the same as they ever have been, for myself... I know very little, other than my human constructs and beliefs around my

conceptions of an afterlife consciousness... how such might be. I've seen a lot of how I have to rely on grace, and simple hard perseverance, to stand my ground amid these beings. *Humility, and a having to push myself to get through humiliating times, is common, as my nose is often rubbed in the consequences of others... this is hellish sometimes.* Well, these ideas appear to be coming to their gradual conclusion, so if it looks good, I'll wrap them up, and see about adding them in

with the others. *I sit here, as the last light of a late February dusk is fading from our sky.* I'm looking forward to the evenings rest, and to getting past the midweek, tomorrow. There's only a week or so until March brings, 'buds out from stem tips,' and 'flowers from out of buds.' This will be a welcome relief from the winter's chill, and another summer's arrival, and fullness. *I hope this years autumn and seasonal time brings you blessings and peace, and a new years work, too.* I'll bring

these thoughts to their conclusion,
and send them along your way
now. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit to collect a few thoughts,
this morning, I'm just going to
review the good work so far.
Through the years, since first
getting into publishing in year two
thousand, my work has far
exceeded my expectations. I've
come to love, and respect the
power of Spirit's word. But from

the beginning, in addition to the consistency of the work, has been a kind of a continuous series of blunders, and tragedies, in the wider world, *and I've learned how to be very resilient, and to bounce back, from set backs.* Most of the setbacks which I've toiled and labored over, to get past, have been troubles that others don't really notice much... but my paranoid mind can't help but see. Almost everything that has gone wrong, which I term a 'blunder,' in my mind, (as far as my own

mistakes goes,) has had a certain reasoning at the heart of it. There's a song, which I've remembered the theme of, as sounding like, **'There are so many ways, to emotional release.'** Commonly, presences arrive at my consciousness bearing certain gifts... such as a new writing, or a new sketch, or a new start on a piano album. I become aware of their presence, *as I can see, and feel the potentiality, of such, creating a kind of a pre eminence in my mind's fabric.* I

usually call these phenomena migraines... ***but, often, they are the raw stuff of new work.*** If you'll see your mind's pains and aches, and tensions, and difference boundaries, and all of that, as being the first part of your 'creative process,' the first signal, that you should get your pen and paper, or word processor, or piano out, and start work. **There's a term for this, 'manifesting,' of new work.** This is really that which makes the world move, and happen, and turn. Digital tools,

instruments, and devices and appliances make this very very easy to do... *especially once you can grasp really just what is transpiring in this process.* Here's what's up against me... You've heard of the expression, '**Every action has an equal and opposite reaction.**' Now there's a thought which I haven't entertained in a while. Another popular saying which I have thought of recently, is 'For every step forward, there's two steps back.' I myself can usually see

how this sort of thing comes to be... if a situation is static, and hasn't changed in a while, then the presences and relationships will tend to be stale, and hence will tend to react unexpectedly to any new development, or progress, from a source which there may simply be many views of, and around. At least, this is how home life gets. Irritation flares up, and I experience it. *On any day at all, in our society, (not at our home,) there will be many embedded issues, including corrupt sectors.*

You should have already seen, how some of these, will, unfortunately be just looking for an opportunity to act out, and be disruptive. This, to me, is the hard part of any given becoming. ***I have also seen how, there are many many days, which are good, and where good results are the norm, and are the standard.*** The story will be a positive, happy one, and 'all of the journeys will arrive safely.' Other days, of course, will be troublesome from the start. The

story will be one of tragedy, and loss, and trauma. We've all seen both good and bad days. Even in writing these words, herein, my stomach is torn up, and I had to hustle, to prevent trouble. *Such as this, I've come to see, points to anxieties mainly around the morning commute.* Well, at any rate, I've digressed, and have spoken of stuff. *You'll probably wish to put this reading away.* But, my mind is full of ideas, and writing is coming easily, despite my digestive distress, so this tells

me, that something must be working right. I'll continue.

Of the four articles so far, since beginning this journal, I think that each has had unique things to say. *The first indeed was done as a kind of ground breaking, for a new collection...* the writing was breathless, and expectant, in anticipation of the new to come. It seemed as on the cusp of new beginning... **It was my spirit's way of trying to bring something good from out of a**

setback... lemons into lemonade. My strides were large, because my spirit wasn't going to accept failure, but was 'strong despite the tears.'

On to the second article, I found myself thinking further about setbacks... *and managed to share some crucial insights about how an attention deficit hyperactive disorder, in other words, an agitated condition, 'restless leg syndrome,' shaped so much of the second five years after my*

graduating high school. It got into how the 'mental labor,' and seemingly 'pointless' exercises, can be the raw material for self transformation. Indeed, if we'll have a reckoning with ourselves, and stop our blaming of the 'powers that be,' and instead resolve to do our own work differently, this might be the most important lesson we take from a work day. For example, you might find the fulfillment you're missing in your arduous day, by simply jotting down random thoughts, in

between other more menial chores. Finding a free note taking software online, like the one I'm using now, and putting it to good use, can prove liberating for your stifled creative spirit... you'll look back at the end of the day, **and you might have, to your surprise, a list of words which look, to you, like song titles!** This can be motivation enough for you to later get your piano or guitar out, and record a few tracks... based on the jotted titles. This is exactly how the spirit works in lives. If you

have any free time at your work,
*you might see how you could
interpolate some creative work, in
among your chore assignments.*

**(Not that you should consume
work time, for the sake of
poetry, but if you have spare
minutes in between.)** It's just

that I can use spare minutes, on
my ride to the days
responsibilities, and in the waiting
room, at the clinic, to jot these
ideas down. So, this is what I
mean. You'll see such an
improvement in your moods and

feelings, if you can feel like you're advancing creatively, in your spare time... I've always found that I'm at my very best when I'm busy... so *on appointment days, it helps to start a writing session early, before hand, and this will give you a point of focus, during your idle minutes on your way, and at your destination.*

Onward, to the third article, I looked at the matters of leadership, and role models. **I asked the question of just who**

these people are, these role models, to yourself, in your life?

In our society of commerciality, are these people the best for us? **Or wouldn't we**

do better to stay in our own family? And how might this tie in

to our daily creative life? in other words, do our own inner genetics,

(D N A and R N A being what I'm speaking of here,) have bearing,

when we go to think in a healthy manner, or write expressively, onto

a written journal, or paint expressively, outwardly? **If we**

find our heroes and role models, in our own ancestry, in our own family tree, and history, then doesn't this somewhat solve the problem, of inspiring a conscience in our lives, and making spiritual sources of motivation, and drive, from out of the thought forms, and presences, which we interact with daily? Isn't our artistry, in our society, somewhat the flower of our family albums, and views of our heritage in general?

Into the fourth article, I looked at how life's circumstances, and situations, sometimes throw us among very powerful spiritual beings, in general, and how such may require much patience and practice to learn to navigate through. *I introduced the concept of a yoga stretch visualization, which I've written of previously.* I got into the freedom and confidence this can bring into your life, *if you are struggling with anxieties, and migraines, and*

emotions which appear to be 'too big,' or 'too distracting,' for you to otherwise deal with effectively.

And these are strategies, which we learn to implement, in order to move ourselves through emotional potentialities, in an imaginary, or virtual manner.

To me this itself is a type of therapy. Many things, in ordinary life, including writing like this, employ immersion techniques, and working through emotions, and feelings upon an external media, in order to make real progress in your

life's issues. If I can quantify some progress, in a thing, *or begin to show myself forgiveness*, for example from someone who sees your side in most matters, for instance, *then this might be just the thing.* And, *forgiveness sometimes is just what's on the menu.* You'll tell yourself, somewhat, that you shouldn't have acted self servingly, in that case, or that 'Getting the matter behind me,' wasn't right in that situation, but you see, your advocates will give yourself good credit for the

time of day, if it's you that's getting the therapy... At least, look at things from a sympathetic perspective, to yourself, *while you try and get the thing behind yourself.* At any rate, if I can do this, I might will have solved my issue, at least in the short run. This might be enough... because our society has strongly idealistic principles all through it. Especially when such comes to the '*limitless power*' of the human imagination, *as well as, like many do believe in, also, miracles.* Well this has been

a quick overview of these writings, in this journal, thus far. I guess that I'll wrap these ideas up, and send them along your way now. I guess this won't help much, though, *if I mistake good strong light for negativity, or hatred.* My own mind gets somewhat down on myself and I'm quick to criticize then. But, there's always good hope if I'll remember the presence of the advocate, until I can 'keep on the sunny side,' and remember this little advice. *Of course, when the sunn is out already, you'll be*

that much better already, if you can see. Well, you can see the thoughts that are in my heart, because they are also written here onto this page. All for now. Greg

~

THIS IS THE SECOND SATURDAY IN MARCH, this year. I'm sitting inside our home's dining area, and these thoughts are somewhat coming to me, now. I've rested, after finishing the 'part one,' of this new journal, *and can now see some*

inroads to a new 'part two.' I've told myself numerous times, of how '**I will know the direction in which to proceed,**' in starting new work. It's an enormous blessing to be moved by Spirit towards a beginning... to feel and know that surety... that purpose. I've thought this before... how, maybe in our linguistic Pantheism, Purpose might should be capitalized! *Because this, to a poor person, will always be the most precious of things.* Once a person has been touched by the

'will to come into existence,' in a literary sense, this will become a definite centerpiece in his or her life. *Like the 'one precious jewel,' in a regal crown, any sense of purpose, or will to be, will 'turn your life around,' like nothing else can.* These are some thoughts... I lovingly receive them. I ask myself, if I really realize what such a 'new advent' signifies? This sense of purpose, like nothing else can, gives unto myself 'identity,' and salvation, into the possibilities of the future. If your Guardian

Angel asks of yourself effort, and attentiveness... *if he or she works through you, like the 'leaves coming on the tree in spring,' this will definitely give unto your life Identity and Purpose.* This is my best thought on the subject. At any rate, I sit here, this morning, having gotten back to my bedside, and inwardly practice my yoga stretching. These thoughts, (*of reaching my hands and arms up past the sides of my head, towards the heavens,*) are my main sense of grounding and stability, on any

given morning. A yogic path, when given to a person, is so much more than an afterthought. Such is your 'home base,' visualization... ***and you might well consider yourself to be 'saved,' when this is shown.*** So, then, if a person will make him or herself an acceptable, presentable vessel through which spirit can work, then this can come along naturally. I myself am just awed at the things the Lord has done through my life... my yoga stretch visualization seems to bring any other

techniques which I may have acquired through the years, into a concerted focus, thus allowing spirit's full potency, and deployment. At any rate, these are just some thoughts. *As Spirit moves through my typists hands, on this keyboard, and my mind, and my eyes, so these thoughts get written.* I think, that the first real criteria, for Spirit to work through your life, is that, you should have grown competent, ***in having some understanding of why such Spirit is, and of how,***

he or she reveals herself. Then you'll just need a suitable locale in which to live, and write, or play and record music. At least, this is how such appears to be, to me. **So there you'll have why, how, and where squared away.** For myself, getting to know, and understand the 'ways of Spirit,' was a long term practice, in itself. Such began when I was around my age twenty three, and I was living the life of a hermit, and was doing what I thought I had to do, to keep my sanity. I gradually grew,

through this daily walking,
alongside higher dimensional
presences, to understand the whys
and hows of Spirit beings. Then it
only remained to know how to
attend to, and keep up, the
where... ***the rooms, and
hallways, and porches where
I've lived, through the years.***

Until I had sufficient sense of
order, and structure in my life to
keep my personal space clean, and
neat... then any amount of
Spiritual insight, was of little avail.
A house has to be kept up, and

kept clean. This, somewhat, was where I was weak, and this was the first way, in which the Devil gained control in my personal life... which led to my self injury attempts. *If I only could have kept my personal space clean, and free from dust, and the dander of life, and the pests which feed on this human dander, and so forth, I might could have stayed out of trouble.* But, this housekeeping wasn't very good... still, this is sometimes where I'm weak. At any rate. Any given morning like this one, having

good housekeeping, and up keep, should come hand in hand with any yogic path, as far as I can see. You can't have one without the other. While I'm writing these words, I'm looking around, this morning, and seeing if these types of chores are done. Such as this cleaning.... seeing to my place... is just as important as the 'whys,' and 'hows,' of living among Spirit beings. *The where has to be seen to.* Well, a few minutes have passed, and I've swept and mopped around and under the

appliances and furniture in my personal space... *trying to focus on these chores on any given day, until the basics are accomplished, is a must.* Saturday is a good time for more thorough cleaning. These are just some things which can be found within. At any rate, our day today is cool, and hazy, with gentle breezes moving the tree branches gently about. But our area is expecting clouds through our weekend, especially tomorrow, then sunny and warm weather returning Monday through

Wednesday, followed by rain as next week begins to wind down. Well, these thoughts are in my mind this morning, and I get them down thus. Some of my weeks washing is finishing up in the washer dryer in the kitchen... and I'm inputting these thoughts, while I await our lunch time, which is around noon. So, this is how my time is passing, today. Maybe, it's the freedom to choose, that makes our lives who and what we are... freedom to select the specific music which you want to listen to,

for instance... some of us need this sense of choice. Most of us will remember what it's like to have very limited choices, and to have to take what we're given... *disabled and handicapped people will always appreciate it when they are shown full freedoms, as ordinary working class people are...* especially, shopping and dining choices, such as which can make life so pleasant with out too much money. At any rate, some of us will be more used to disabled life, from having been so longer.

We'll be more accustomed to the ways of such. I for one, still have my parents living, but many of us will have lost parents... and will know what it's like to be somewhat alone, and to have to look out for your own self, and make your own choices between needs, and wants, and so forth. My strong suite seems to be my list making ability... when it comes to good budgeting, this is a must. ***If I care enough about myself to build and curate my own equity, my intellectual***

property, then I might be more inclined to keep these things up. Maybe one day, these things will be provided like school lunch milk to the grade schooler... and the prices will be more affordable. (If I lost or damaged my smart device, of course, I would want to find another.) So, I'll face it, some things will have to be made budgetary allowance for. At any rate, this morning, I'm seeing a little long hair cat peeking at me through the grasses and weeds... that must be my own self, coming

through there. Well, our time is almost around to our lunch, so I'll wrap these thoughts up, and put them aside, temporarily. This article is getting along down these pages, and I can see the way towards concluding them. I usually try and make my pieces between ten and fifteen pages long, and this is about at eleven, now. So, by the time I've made my flourish at the ending, I will have nearly fourteen pages. This article covered the ways that partnering with higher ascended beings, can

give a person a heightened sense of Purpose, and Identity... ***and how these are such valued qualities, that we should always pursue them.*** Such article also covered the way that in addition to the why, and how of understanding Spiritual presences, a person will have to have a home base, or some locale within which to live... and this will mean upkeep, and house cleaning... and how these come hand in hand with any real or imagined yogic path... as 'imagined yoga stretches,' have

gone a ways toward giving me self confidence, and security amidst ever changing inner migraine pictures... *so I've had to stay on my housekeeping, and cleaning, to prevent pests and parasites from taking over.* Lastly this article covered how our liberties, our freedoms to choose, in not just our shopping and dining, but in our reading and entertainment... is part of what makes our lives worth living. If any one thing was, it would be this freedom of choice, which most typifies modern life,

and we all here, of course, wish to participate in this 'modern life.' *This is something which might require a little budgeting, and saving of ones money, and wise managing of ones finances.* Well, this about finishes up this essay, and so, coming through the brambles, now, I'll save what I've got, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

In doing this journal, and others like it, I've found how, writing is sometimes like roll starting a car. The motor will be cold, and so there aren't any particular ideas nearby, *but it seems, that by turning it over a few times, the sparking and combustion will catch on, and the motor comes to life.* This morning, there're no ideas about, but through a kind of jazz thinking, and letting ideas be written, and to gestate, here upon my page, I'll arrive upon some new thinking. Maybe, the writing of

ideas in this way will be somewhat better than the alternative, which might mean dropping off to sleep, and wasting the time. Trying gradually to build momentum, and continuing until an article has become a definite thing may seem like tedium, but for someone who is familiar with this kind of jazz thinking... who has found success in such way before, ***this technique will appear more definite.*** Having an intrinsic pairing of gender attraction, somewhat puts writing success

always within reach. There will occasionally be relationship issues, such as, how, *'That was a really careless choice you made,'* and *'How could you have compromised our good work in that way?'* But, if one will look within a mistake, he or she will find sympathy with him or herself, when he sees how, being complacent, and settling for a half good result, is par for the course, *when someone has been hurt as badly as you have been, by the accidental losses over the holidays.* You can give yourself

encouragement, to get you through it. Especially as in my case, my avatar, or character had to absorb not just one, not two, but three or more difficult shocks, which were in the public eye, *and which caused me pain, and grief, as I blamed myself, because of the newness of my Christmas piano album, at the time.* I think that it's arguable that I then had a subtle form of brain damage, which acted, at least once, like a kind of mental retardation... I acted dumb. *'No one noticed your dumb mistake,'* I

tell myself. But since your mental fortitude had been somewhat expended, by what you perceived as having happened on your watch, the times, the misfortune, and worry somewhat wore you out. *'Forgive yourself,'* I tell myself, *'Or else continue making dumb mistakes.'* *'Accidents happen, sometimes, so the faster you forgive yourself, the better.'* I'm allowing myself to somewhat push on through the trouble, while visualizing a better outcome... ***one in which I do respect myself,***

and my own dignity. Without seeing my own setback in terms of dignity and self esteem, after what had happened, therapeutic writing won't do any good. I've got to forgive myself. At any rate, I hope you can see how, just because there may not be ideas at the surface of your consciousness, at the outset, doesn't necessarily mean that no thought is present. *These thoughts are of love and respect for myself, and are in hopes that I'll treat myself better in the future.* Anyways, these have

just been some thoughts. I'll put these words away, for a time, and get some rest. I'm telling myself, ***'Thanks, Greg, for focusing on your own self respect, in this manner. We'll do better next time... when you're not so drowning in self blaming.'*** I always knew, how, if mistakes were going to be made, in living, it would be in the context of the recovery journey back from a public miss hap, to wellness, such as a bad accident sometimes brings on. Remember how, others

might not respect you, if you don't practice self control. *I know, that it might not have mattered in that particular case, but I worry that your mind is still a blur.* Remember, you have no control over what happens in such accidents. They are seen, sometimes, around the holidays, when more people are traveling. Your presence of mind, appears to have been a needless casualty of the confusion and chaos of the time, *which your work must have foreshadowed.* A miss hap wasn't

anyone's fault. At any rate, just some thoughts. The more I think about a problem, sometimes, the worse it begins to appear in my mind. I hope, through this writing, to get this part two of this new 'A JOURNAL,' audiobook farther along to its completion. In recollecting back, to when I lived in this area, twenty five years ago, I can tell you, that I'm hardly the same person which I was back then. For one thing, I've been clean and sober, now for twenty two years, ***so you couldn't make me live***

the way that I used to. Today, I see the world through the lenses of a large portfolio of musical albums, written books, and audio books, and art and nature video. I've been in mental health care group homes across the whole time, and I wouldn't much know any other way. I know, today, that if I patiently try, and continue with effort toward some artistic, or literary goal, I can accomplish it... ***my confidence and faith in myself is strong.*** Still sometimes there will be doubts, or I'll worry

that I've been rejected by my family. But, thoughtfully trying, and rekindling my relationships with my medium istic familiars, always produces good results. *I've thought recently how I seem to be polyamorous, and resistive of seeing myself as strictly tied to one love... my affections change with the breeze.* I just know, by now, not to feel myself to be limited by the male female relationships in my life, but liberated through them. Romances come up, from time to time, and

thinking of myself as polyamorous, thus is very freeing for myself. At any rate, I have thought how I believe somewhat as the Ancient Sage has said, how we should ***'Cherish our troubles as we would our own body. Because, without a body, what troubles could we have then?'*** and ***'A lowly state is a great blessing! (And so is losing it.)'*** So, I truly believe how ***'No situation is immutable,'*** and ***'There are an infinite number of paths one may take from any given***

point,' so we shouldn't narrowly limit ourselves to feeling good or bad, either one, today, because both states are seen to fall away and dissolve, ***seen in sight of the clear light of bliss.*** There will always be a great goal, and accomplishment, in arriving upon a state of placid self awareness... with nothing to attend to... no place to go, nothing to do... *just a state of feeling completely at peace within oneself, and within ones surroundings.* I have often allowed myself to get wrapped up

in the intellectualualisms of whatever text or music that I'm currently working on, *but I should remember how this calm, dispassioned, placid, and aware state, is somewhat at the root of all others.* Oh what a joy it is, to have simply, in the course of getting along down my page, come upon a place of such tranquility and peace... truly this 'clear light of bliss,' can be seen as the goal, and objective of any writing or music such as this... there just doesn't need to be any other great realization... just that

'All is at one, and is Good in itself.' Well, these have just been some thoughts. There's a realization which I am making, to myself, right now, how, I have told myself that I haven't made the ideal soundscape for immersion, and that this is something yet to be done, by me... but this is so far from the truth. Most of my piano soundscapes are the perfect form of immersion, and in all of my searching, through the world wide web, I haven't found any better environment, than say, the **'New**

Years Groove,' or '***Spin Within***'

soundscapes... these are ideal for just what I am looking for. 'Search no further.' Well, I'll set this writing aside, for a while, and go get my dinner at our office. The meal was good, and I return again to this writing. I'm looking forward to this week just ahead of us. Our skies this week should be partly sunny, with about three rainy days out of the seven. Tuesday morning should be sunny, when I go to a doctors visit. I'm telling myself, that I'm just not going to have any

more self blaming times this week. I'm going to try and reinforce my positive traits, and refrain from self criticism. ***If I have to talk myself out of self blaming, then this is what I'll do.*** At any rate, I can tell, that these words are somewhat coming to their conclusion, now, so I'll try to wrap them up, and add them in with the others. All for now, Greg.

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It's a joy, to be winning the fight against my narcolepsy, by practicing the 'early to bed, early to rise' saying. If you think that, you've 'tried everything,' to satisfy your 'lust for life,' ***and are so hypnotized that you can't even get out of bed in the morning, then you might try getting to bed earlier.*** Once you figure out, how it's really a simple trade off to just go to bed right around nine P M, you'll see, too, how you can tell yourself that ***'I'm going to get all of my night time reading in***

**between seven and nine P M,
and then put myself to bed at
nine.'** This will work great for
yourself, because you'll quickly
see, how, the reading is so much
better, when you're the only one
up, after you've gone to bed early,
and woken up early... you'll see,
that this early morning time is
vastly superior, for reading, and
creative work, such as sketching,
and writing... and so you'll end up
gladly trading off your late nights,
**when you see how good the
early morning hours can be.**

You'll see, too, how, '*I'm not much good after nine P M anyway,*' '*my mind usually is so distended and stretched out of shape at that time of night,*' that, '*I'd do better to trade this type of way entirely,*' for the clear headed reading of the early morning. Then, when you're getting up early, because you feel rested, and because you want the quality time of the early morning, you will have beaten narcolepsy. At any rate. If you've taken interest in the 'clear light of bliss,' concept spoken of in the previous

article, *then the early morning hours will be exactly what you're looking for.* And, there's just nothing like being among the first to experience the new day, and as you wake ahead of the others... you'll thank yourself, then, for sure. You'll agree, **'I'm never going back to trying to find a 'clear headed,' time after nine P M,'** because you'll see, that you just can't do it... ***there's too much attachment to suffering, and pursuing of illusory phenomena, at the late hours.***

Each night, unless you're working on a specific project, can have the singular goal, of just '**Getting your sleep.**' Because otherwise, the goodness you'll miss out on in the early morning, will be too glaring... and you'll just wish to solve the problem. *Show yourself how good the early morning time is, and can be, and you won't go back to the late night reading.* At any rate, these are some thoughts. Today is the second Monday in March, this year, and our morning is starting cloudy, with the sunn to

come through around nine A M. Our weather's expected to be full sunshine by one P M. I sit, in our humble kitchen, and watch the cardinals and sparrows coming to the feeder, for the seed and nut mix, and allow myself to feel glad, and contented that I'm giving back, a little. But, on any given morning, like this one, I'll be dividing my time between somewhat blaming myself, for some imaginary infraction, and feeling a more well deserved gratitude. Sometimes, I have to quite make myself count

my blessings, and I'll be on my case. My strong traits, are that I know how to hustle when there's something that needs doing, and the fact that I'm sensitive and aware of expressly how to improve my predicament, in most cases... if this means shutting my mouth, and just listening, then that's it. I can just see blue sky, appearing through my window, toward the west, so our clouds will be on their way soon. Having this essay to work on, as I start my new week, tells me that I'm on the ball. I've

seen so many times, how the mind's fantasies and imagination... the dreams and superstition we form as adults... are only make believe... there isn't, and never will be, anything such as telepathy, or mental conveyance... such are constructs which are entirely made up... they're not real.

If I let myself get myself into the predicament of blaming myself for something that my thoughts did... anything at all... then I've already allowed myself to be tricked, and

deceived... and I will need to do nothing more than clear out the cob webs to be free of the trouble. This rule applies, without exception. (Of course, ideas can be among the most powerful things in the world... *Not zee isim, for instance. But one having that view, you see, equates to weakness.*) I hope you can see, through this writing, though, some of the doubts and fears that full grown, adult minds sometimes are susceptible to... anyone at all can fall for illusory phenomena, and

become paranoid delusional. It can happen to anyone. At any rate, our time is nearly at ten oh clock A M, and I sit on this bed, inputting these thoughts into this word processor on this smart device, with my external blue tooth keyboard. I'm digesting a breakfast biscuit, and thinking about lunch up ahead. A yoga stretch visualization can be a very helpful thing, this may be true, *but remember, how any fixed, false notion in the mind is a delusion, and if you allow yourself to believe*

in one false thing, then most likely, another will try and steal your attention, also. So, I think, that I should somewhat walk my mind back from any pseudoscience, like that... *just because a thing, a technique, works for myself doesn't mean that such needs repeating, like something in the psychiatric literature.* But, speaking for just myself, such has been life changing. At any rate, you can see some of my thinking this morning, because I have written it out thus. Our sunn is at

full brightness, now... our skies are blue. I've just had some lunch, in the dining area, and have returned to my living area, and picked up writing along in this article. This article will be the third in the set so far, which is the second part of this new 'A JOURNAL,' audiobook. I believe that the ideas spoken of in this essay alone are well worth my time, and I'm proud and grateful to be given them. *If you do stop and think about it, you'll see that everything, just everything in an artistic, or literary practice comes*

through the grace of benevolent spiritual presences... which is why family ties can be so important.

Just who is going to be there for you, in your life, if not your own kindred, and family relations? I myself am very glad that this writing is coming through, to me, this morning, not just because of the sense of purpose and identity such brings into my life, but for the ways spiritual intelligence can more or less completely solve most of the problems that we as people are

faced with weekly. Especially, today, the notion of how, **'Anytime we're practicing self blaming, for something that our thought forms did, then we've deceived ourselves, and we have been tricked, and self deluded.'** Of course, having some ideas, can be hazardous. But, you should see the practical value of a saying like this one, or then, you haven't really lived in the adult world, and seen the most commonly seen problems, aside from medical considerations, which

arise... At any rate, there's another of my keyboard soundscape albums, which I'm listening to a lot these days...

'Hope thru the Night.' You will not have heard anything quite so sweet as this is. I'm just somewhat proud to tell it, how good it is. Performed on my Dad's Roland, it's an independent, non commercial hour of pure bliss. It's easy to take such as this for granted, but its immersive nature you'll surely appreciate. At any rate, I'm sensing these ideas starting to

come to their conclusion, now... ...
I do believe that I've written my truths out, this morning... *so I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others.* I have wondered numerous times in the past if I would ever exhaust all of the good ideas, which my particular path had to tell. Indeed this is an interesting question... but at least for now, I'm still finding many interesting possibilities. I've somewhat come to think of myself as a type of minstrel, who writes encouraging essays, and puts all of

his ideas down into them from week to week. *In other words, the thoughts which come up, in these pieces are just the spin offs of my living, here, and I'll always have writings to offer, as long as I live.* It's simply so very good to have a trusted mediumistic familiar... a guardian angel who is behind me... that I can't let the passing time go without embellishment, on most any day of my life. I'll be writing thus. Well, these thoughts are concluding themselves now. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit to write a few thoughts, this beautiful, sunny second Tuesday morning in March, this year, I'm reflecting over some thoughts that were in my mind, when I lay down to sleep, last night. In particular, I remember I was trying to find some suitable metaphors for this time period we're in, upon Earth... I think, foremost, *I saw how we're like the child, rolling a hula hoop along the surface of the ground,*

the hoop contacting the uneven ground surface, as a moving simulcron, along a track. As mortals, we're only conscious at the point where the hoop contacts the ground surface, and we're somewhat joined in this present moment, as passengers on a living planet, spinning, and pivoting, and orbiting our source star... and united at the campfire lit clearing, all joined in the now, at the point where the hoop contacts the ground surface... we're conscious of our forward momentum, and

we're all joined in this kind of unfurling river highway of time and space. The seasons of our years, caused by our planet's rhythmic pivoting, as we orbit our star, are a repeating pattern... spring, summer, autumn, and winter repeat themselves in a manner which is familiar to us. Many of us are in productive patterns, of a somewhat cyclical nature... coaxing a harvest of some product... working with the flow of time and space, in the bringing forth of abundance. We

collectively are a living soul
collective, which seasonally
regenerates itself, alternatingly...
at first a circumspect
consciousness, around the
campfire lit clearing, then falling
from the celestial canopy, into a
discrete, individual life span... born
into a mortal world consciousness,
to gradually become alternately an
awakened mortal, then returning to
the heavens, a celestial presence,
which looks down upon the human
sphere in a circumspect manner...
thus gradually becoming wise to it

all, then returning to the consciousness of a self absorbed child, only to gradually become wise again. At each turn, the child life is a little further along an evolutionary time line, becomes enlightened a little easier, and then enters the butterfly stage, before becoming younger again... each youthful childhood, a little further along an advancing course, *into still greater meaning, and significance.* At this present time in our Earth's evolutionary progression... many of us will have

the '**keys to mastery,**' and will be in possession of instruments of light... Awake to the spiritual light, and to those with gifts... watching, and observing the cycles of the seasons, and somewhat making preparations for our own eventual individual ascendancy... or that of those we love. Then, just awaiting God's direction, in being given into another youthful life, only a little further along... and evolutionarily a little more well adapted to the in breath, and out breathing patterns, of the Heavens, and the

Earth. Ideally, we're somewhat fully captivated, in turn, with the Earthly plaine, and then with the Heavenly plaine, relative to wherever one finds oneself... *whether full of life, itself, or full of consciousness of life, and seeking to become, and inhabit life again.* Well, these are some of the thoughts which were in my mind, last night, as I lay awaiting sleep... my own kind of repeating signals... *seeking, with the mornings light to consolidate, condense, and distill the spirited thoughts, as this*

writing. Anyways. Later, as I'm moving along to a doctor appointment, I'm inputting these thoughts herein, while mobile. It's about fifteen minutes till ten, and we're on the road... I'm in this writing, at the doctors while listening to some piano in my earphones. It shouldn't take long here, and we'll be back on the road headed home. I love when I get to write while I'm doing something else... *I've learned that great thinking can happen anytime... you don't have to be 'writing' per se,*

you can be in a waiting room, or on the road... the thoughts which you can get down are content, and will be read or listened to in the same way no matter where you were or what you were doing when they were written. At any rate, I'm waiting to see the nurse, and then we'll be on our way back to the home. Our weather today is sunny and warm, very spring like weather right now. While I'm waiting, I'll make a quick note of anything which comes to mind. I seem to have gotten hungry, and will be

glad to get some lunch when we get back. There's a thought in my mind, of how my migraines today seem to be affiliated with just one hair shaft follicle root in my sinuses above the roof of my mouth, which is sore... seeing this now helps me to neutralize a whole area of dull, throbbing pain, *entirely dispelling this neurotic affect.* I'm thinking of how I used to be so fussy, in my ordinary life, *with my condition always needing 'self medicating.'* And I still get fussy sometimes, especially when

I'm on the road, and I'll have to get back into my 'comfort zone,' back in sight of my bed, and my study corner, where stress subsides. I've been writing non stop since about twenty twenty, *and have covered many many topics, from reincarnation to the 'light of bliss,' to the great power of Spirit's word, itself... and how it can turn dark and gray into a beautiful 'new advent.'* Through the years, I've clung tightly to this word as times and circumstances have evolved. Through this I've gained a renewed

sense of purpose, and an identity
gleaned from on high... **all
because my merciful God loved
me, and showed me glory, and
peace, and fulfilment... This is.**

At any rate, we should be home in
fifteen minutes, and we'll get some
lunch. It sure is good to be done
with obligations, and the worry of
being temporarily displaced by
circumstances beyond my control.
Back unto what I was doing, now, I
notice that the afternoon sunn
through this bedroom window
surely looks good, *and will*

definitely suffice as a pleasant day as far as I'm concerned. At any rate, I've taken this article along from the visions I was shown early this morning, about the ideas which passed through last night, across a rugged, and uneven pathway, and we of course endured... while the hearts of men sought to grasp, and understand quite what, if anything, was being allayed, or dispensed with... ***it wasn't as bad as we had thought...*** so it's sure good to have gotten clear of things intact,

and to still have good things to say, and offer... **see if this doesn't get it.** At any rate, this afternoon is getting along... it will be nice, as always, to bring this essay unto its conclusion. I'm almost there. This will be the fourth article in this new part two of this audiobook, *and it has somewhat run its course, like a stream, bounding down a mountainside, to the pond in the valley, which is still, and quiet, except for the ripples caused by the breezes, and the occasional*

jumping fish, or splashing waterfowl. At any rate, all seems to have come to it's conclusion, now, so I'll wrap these ideas up, and add them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting to write, this early Wednesday morning, in March, I'm grateful, to have another new morning. I guess, I'm most grateful, for my being in on a good yoga stretch type of visualization...

such as this can more or less completely keep me from the moodiness, of occasional sore frames of mind, when I've allowed myself to get out of step, for instance, and I have become the victim of a bad migraine. *Having the yoga stretch visualization lets me somewhat walk my mind, and emotions, and feelings, back to something better.* Today should be another sunny day. In my life, I'm completely well versed, in the ways that I have to gradually roll start an essay, or an album, or a

set of sketching... on a morning like this one, everything in my mind, is telling me to 'throw the towel in,' and 'give it up.' *But, I wouldn't do that much, because I'm too busy roll starting this work.* So, I know how to gradually build, so that one incrementally grows a new product. My signs are just fine, this morning... these words are coming willingly, and briskly... I think, that I've just got a touch of morning commute anxiety. But, within my little station, and me sitting here, *I can get new work to*

a place where it will tend to finish itself. I think, that the biggest work, of my life, was in building a relationship I can trust, after the mistakes, and misunderstandings of my teenage years, and early twenties set me so far back. At any rate, these words are fairly coming onto my word processor page, now, so I gladly receive them, and get them down. ***I always knew, how, that if mistakes were going to be made, in my life, such would be in the context of a whirlwind***

journey back from a bad public set back, unto a more normal mindset.

There's a blurryness that overtakes the mind, in times like this, and it's just too easy to find yourself deceived into making a silly, stupid mistake, if only to give yourself something to blame yourself for. I've been through this before, and come through it... *I'm just a little more inclined to fretting, like this, when I'm in the midst of a 'morning commute anxiety' spell.* **'A lowly state is a great blessing,'** the Sage has

said, '**And so is loosing it!**' We should '**cherish our troubles as we would our own body,**' because '**If we had no body, what troubles could we have then?**' (Lao Tzu) Well, since I'm getting this new A JOURNAL Part two coming along so well, my outlook for my day, is somewhat brighter... there is a definite goal, up ahead, *and any work I can put in will be expressly beneficial to myself.* I enjoy getting to publish new audio book chapters enormously... today is likely to be

no exception. At any rate, today is going to be sunny and warm, all of the way... I'm looking forward, and telling myself, that if I have to go on the van, *it will be a welcome outing, and a good time to work on this new article's progress.* But, I'm finding, now, that the impulse to put this writing away, and lay down and take a nap, is enormous... (thinking like a small start is plenty good, and that I can come back to it later.) *But, I resist this notion, strongly, because a morning nap would be exceedingly*

*hard to wake up from... I might miss my meeting. Yesterdays writing was so very good, that I'm given to trying to repeat the good work. So, I'm thinking expansively, and just looking at how, '**being held in the hands of perfect grace, and peace,**' is such an enormous blessing, that relishing in the gratitude might be the best I can do. After I get over this initial resistance to new work, after I do get the ball rolling, on this new article, I know I'll feel much more enthusiastic, and positive, about*

the new morning. But, at the present, this work seems a bit like tedium. I'm so inclined to remember my human shortcomings, such as my susceptibility to the power of feelings. The Buddhists group human feelings in with the 'lower phenomena,' ***because they can be so strong, and compelling.*** It is so very hard to do a thing, when your feelings are telling you to stop, and give it up. But, I know from my strong spirit walk, that this is something which I'm

capable of... good experience tells me plainly, when you plug at a chore repeatedly, and make many many tries at the goal, of successful writing, *you can eventually push on through the discouragement.* I think, that, this morning, I'm somewhat more susceptible to cravings for my caffeinated drink... I'm surprised at how strong this craving is this morning, and I feel like I want to turn it off like an annoying mechanical sound. I'm listening to the songbirds starting to sweetly

chirp, outside my bedroom window, and this elevates my mood, considerably. I'm reminding myself, also, to put more feed in the feeder... I've got a new bag of seed for today. But, roll starting a new writing, when the goal is a completely new finished audio book chapter, is hard, I tell myself... *something like being in a 'compression sandwich.'* So, I'm inclined to 'blow off,' the work, and just forgo it entirely... but I resist this impulse, because, any new work accomplished will be greatly

appreciated later in the morning, when I feel better, and the 'open expanse' of time is more in sight. But, right now, I'm somewhat squeezed, between worries of the morning commute, and what I think will be an exciting result. At any rate, I'm washing some clothes, so I'll go see about them, and open our bedroom window blinds, to let in some light. *This room is so much brighter, when I can see blue in the western sky through my window.* My initial worries about this writing, this

morning, haven't been a bother, and I'm glad to continue this audio book chapter to its completion. Now, that I'm thinking of this writing, in terms of an audio signal, I can better see what I've got, right now. Remembering this yoga stretch visualization, is definitely something which puts me somewhat out ahead of the others... *I'll come through it, I tell myself, and my sanity will survive intact.* As I'm waiting for my morning medicine, I'm inputting these thoughts herein, and words

are coming fairly easy. I ask myself, now, if I can see the way of how, after the public setbacks, last holidays, a small part of myself just wants someone to blame... and so this may somewhat be what we see... this self blaming for something we couldn't have done, *or even had any control over... at all.* So, I'm telling myself, to quit my self blaming, and get on with my life... So, this writing, and audiobook chapter, should be a good step in that direction. Well, I've gotten my meds, and have

retired to work on this project. *I mentally prepare myself, for taking the work in two stages... produce my portable document file, and get the writing set out, and secondly, make my audio book reading, and produce my chapter.* Well, I have around ten pages I've written since this morning, so I'll wrap these thoughts up, now, and add them in with the others. I'll be glad to get my finished audio book part two into my readers and listeners hands. I'm looking forward to doing the work, and getting back

to rest. All for now, Greg.

~

I think it's funny, how superstitious our ordinary society behaves. This permeates everything, and is the first consideration, after feasibility. At any rate, I'll be going along, and suddenly get drawn into a project, like an audio project, *which, after I've published such, I just happen to notice has inauspicious characteristics. It will have a length problem. Or something. Of*

course, then it won't be popular. There are just so many ways in which a project or a piece will be wrong in some way... the idea is to solve the problems associated with any project... before the thing goes big, or enters the accepted media category, as a definite thing. There are always worries that chase any success... one of my managers said something critical of myself, and I dreamt up, or imagined some biased situation, ***and the next thing you know, I'm thinking I'll have to make a***

lifestyle change, or I'll imagine that my way of life is under seige by forces within my own borders. You can see, easily, how

the imagination gets going... just give it some claim, or accusation, of what someone did to you, or made you feel like, *and you're all ready to phone your state representative.* But, here's the good part... your imagination will have ways of going behind your critical and accusatory mindsets, and for the purpose of making it better, she'll try anything to make

peace... *when it's the old ego, and pride, and arrogance, that usually makes such a mess of the person it belongs to.* This is the power of Spirits word, to change minds. At any rate. *I know that I get fussy sometimes... everybody does.* But a good helper knows to go between people, where there's sometimes a disagreement, and mediate, and *'make it all well,'* or use her patronage, and kindness to smooth a disagreement out. I think, that everyone living would love to... *just drop everything, and dedicate*

their life to making art... and to have higher purpose given to some artists... such is an enviable role... if you get to minister to shut ins, and seniors, I think that this is the hugest honor that anyone could be given... to be able to minister, like that. But, superstitions again... there will be strong criticism for some, when something goes wrong... this is so true. In trying to think of all of the things that have gone wrong, I simply forget to notice all of the things that have gone right. *In many companies,*

those in executive roles will change out, and the old get retired, and the young are brought on board... so, 'How in the world is a solo artist, someone who self publishes, or a writer of a bestseller to restore his or her belief in himself? Cognitive tests? Or different kinds of tests in general? An musician, has to have a top notch system, and know how to 'roll with the punches,' if he or she is to endure the ordeals of 'outrageous ascent... outrageous fortune.' Because life will try to

sequester an artist or singer from his gains... or tell him that his fortune has changed, or run out. We go along in our lives, sometimes like inarticulate louses... and can't ever seem to articulate the thoughts and dreams of our hearts... when someone can somehow find the right words, in poetry, and get them to an audience... then is this not to be cherished? What would men do without love songs, to put words to their feelings? Well... whyn't you ask the thugs? They would

probably know. Because it's the human predicament... our thoughts and ideas just go unspoken, without the 'still small voice,' in the back of our minds, to tell us, and articulate our feelings for us. *The devil will always need an advocate.* So this is where the word of love comes in. But you will see anything in group culture. For instance, some people are really good just to brag on their good house keeping in the group environs... *there might not be any structure or order in their life,*

outside of class. Life is showing me to be more competitive, *and household cleaning might be the best way to get ahead in this.* If you're writing or doing art for yourself, you'll want to do your household cleaning also. *But, I'd better check behind my own self.* Structure and order, to myself, is something that comes from inside of a person, as they realize how much happier they'll feel, if for instance, *'there's a place for everything, and everything's in its place.'* Work and professional

meetings are just really something. Some bosses call meetings, but after the important part is finished, they'll test the employees, to see *just who will hang around to trifle over the price of legumes, and waste the most time... when he knows there are reputations riding on making deadlines?* And the day is nearing completion? Whoa, that was good. I'll get self satisfied with that one. *At any rate, we know we enjoy being smug, and bragging in public over how good our housekeeping is... when you*

know how bad things get some days, with dust, and dander? Or no? Anyways, right now, I'm thinking, of how I've never really seen the ocean waves coming quite so high on the bow of the boat... (I get fussy very easily, and I hear myself talking to myself several times a day.) I'm very judgmental, and get critical of my partner very easily... we just had a meeting, and I walked away muttering, and being very fussy, when it wasn't really any trouble at all! This is what I'm talking about!

The small disagreements are getting overly magnified... and I try my best just to understand what I see on the television! *I'm cognitively challenged, this week.* Well, I can sense these words coming to their conclusion, now, so I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others. This writing should conclude this new part two, of A JOURNAL audiobook. I've had fun writing this so far. All for now, Greg.

~

TODAY IS A SUNNY AND COOL DAY, the third Monday in March this year. In starting this third and last part to this A JOURNAL audiobook, I have awoken early, just as planned, done my hygiene, and read the morning's news, and am now sitting down at this word processor screen, trying to make sense of the present time, *and am thinking of various style choices, for use in starting this chapter.* I want to somewhat allow my writer's voice to be at the level of

proficiency put forth in the first two chapters, and with a clear, and self aware consciousness awareness, to step into the third chapter... both being at the most current, and up to date stage presently, in a literary sense, and stepping carefully along the future... holding to the high water mark, while soloing along into my best positive future... *an enlightened voyager, who's walking in the best way, from the present moment, into an improvised, and improved future.*

I've found, in life, that there are both the seen, and the seer. When both the seer, and the seen are embraced as one, as dual aspects of a general spirit of providence, present in both, then we can understand the good will guiding both.

These two 'revered ancestors' will be contemporaries, and it can be seen plainly how each relates.

One appears to inhabit the mortal world, and the other inhabits the higher plane. The seeing, may be a little challenging to understand,

just see *how each incorporate both shadow, and light.* The comparison, if you ask me, is weighed to the side of the seer. Were it not for this somewhat one way nature of the medium... we could have an 'in the moment' mirroring, as suggested, **but you can see, how the seer and the seen each have unique powers, and are joined in Providence.** Therefore, the seer, employing great understanding, and gentlest compassion, works in tandem with the seen at all times. The seen...

the mortal purveyor of the one way medium, should just know, that those looking on from about will give full allowances, and seek mainly that each notion, each dream be allowed it's fullest expression, and that there be no bridling or restricting, *only that the two minds will have met... in the past, as in the present... into the future.* The seen, follows a course which is given to him from Heaven. *The seer is in that Heaven.* So, this morning is somewhat blessed, both families are glad, and are

generally blessed, to continue to do the wills of their respective elders. While each may be saying to themselves, that the seer and the seen circuit, as a balance or not, one way as it may be, or not, is unbelievable... *for the two friends, reimagining the old friendship is restorative, and fulfilling.* I think that it's generally difficult to believe, some of what our spirits may have shown unto ourselves... the wonder, and the blessing... and one, or each, may deny to himself that such is

happening in the real plaine of
existence... *still, that which our
early morning consciousnesses will
have perceived is very interesting
to think about.* I for one, can see
how it is hoped by both seer and
seen that such is true. *If such is, I
tell myself, then I'll have to make a
mental note, of how the saints day
has started out working so well...
and however this text may read...
at least this interesting observance
has been noted thusly.* I guess
one, or both, will love reading back
at this text. Reimagining the many

agreements and alliances which will have come through to make such fortune possible, *surely we both are gifted and blessed of those Above.* When I've learned to *take all things in stride, and not give any pause, about the myriad blessings which we can see at different times, then we'll be on our respective ways, and our spirits will not linger around nostalgic pride, or be waylaid in disbelief.* When the ancestors are happy and content in what has been accomplished, the people say

that they themselves have accomplished it. (Lao Tzu) *But, this is not the way it should be.* We should be in agreement, of how, to God, any good thing is possible... and that men nevertheless squabble and fuss, but can yet find perfect agreement, *in contemplation of the imperishable nature of the Heavenly Father.* In peace we have met thus, and our minds have been in agreement with each other. Well, it's true, how, some writing topics will present challenges to our beliefs,

and to our faith, *yet with patience,*
such ideas can indeed be
sucessfully mapped journalistically
thus. I will enjoy reading back at
these thoughts, and do trust that
the good Lord's will be done. At
any rate. This perceived duad
fairly encompasses any of many
ordinary relationships, and I'm sure
that we'll too find meaning herein.
This start of the third part, of A
JOURNAL audiobook looks good to
me so far, and I plan to continue
constructing it as I go along my
day, today. At any rate. When

writing such as this comes from my typists hands, eyes, and mind, and I find myself so unexpectedly blessed, I wonder about the Lord's power, and somewhat find, that there's truly nothing which the intrinsic male female dichotomy can't accomplish, together. One will be a seer in Heaven, and the other will be the seen on the Earthly plaine. As I was first writing this piece, I imagined a particular duad, within my mind, as starting the conversation, down the page... but by the middle of

writing it, I realized, that the dual relationship spoken of is within myself. This is the way that this writing has progressed, across this morning, as I've garnered these ideas from the spaces of my mind. Again, it's easy to imagine that I myself have written in this way, this morning, **but I have to give all of the credit to God.** I think that it's going to be good see the respective concerns of the day all working themselves out. Today is a Monday morning, like any Monday morning... there is much to

look at, and to catch up on, and the light through my bedroom window this morning is brilliant, *suggesting at the goodness of the time.* I think that this writing presently amounts to about ten pages in length, so by lunch time it should be about done. At any rate, I'll definitely be glad to get back to the home, and will be able to have some lunch and to get my prescribed medicines. This will free me up to produce my text file and portable document file, using this new writing. Then I can get

them online. We're on our way back to the home now, it should be fifteen minutes till we're there. I've gotten back, and sit at this word processor screen on my smart device, and peer within. If I think about it, being at the more or less complete disposal of higher intelligences all through the world, managing over four hundred web pages, *the seer, by now, has enormous powers, this is true... the one who is seen should remember, that it's very easy to get fussy, and say words which are*

too easily forgotten. So he or she should remember his rights, and to refrain from 'wrestling with angels,' and to question his own impulses, and not to place needless blame. *Resolve, instead to do better than they do.* If you feel like your rights have been trampled, just make sure that you yourself don't practice the same thing, or make the same mistake. *Resolve to do better than they do, and to set a good example, by refusing to stoop to their level... instead, take the victory, and run with it.* You'll find

that being prolific, and having no issues in your work, or with anyone in your home speaks for itself. Well, I'll wrap these ideas up, now, and add them in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I sit, tonight, to write a few thoughts. As I have just began with the start of part three, of this A JOURNAL audio book, I'm looking to get this chapter down my page, and to move a few ideas along,

and see what might arise to the surface... whether pennants, or banners... *and whatever might the meaning be.* Many journeys ago, when my life was young, and fresh, we *thought we had seen everything... but then, times in that life turned on a dime, and fell into obscurity.* Then a journey began, to learn anew the wisdoms of the immortal soul, and to rejoin the throng... *and thus numerous books were written, about the interior wisdoms, which had been neglected through years of*

childhood... and which just had become seen in the mind of the adult. The journeys of childhood had been of a certain nature... the hiking, and cycling trips had been rendered in a manner outside of mental cognition... *I frequently muscled through long stretches with throbbing pain, felt throughout my entire upper body...* these hikes were accepted as just the way it was, and the weeks promised few reliefs. The books I could find, though, kept my study life traveling upon narrative

fictions, after fictions... myself, an perfect test subject for authors of every persuasion. This reading really paid off, because I developed such a strong voice of my own. ***At any rate, you see you only get back what you put into a life... if you put a lot of literature in, you'll get a lot out.*** I sit in this bed, in contemplation of the terrible trouble of weather difficulties... having seen the aftermath of destruction, and wishing to observe the lore of, and

acknowledge the lives which have been taken by the winds... and so I peer into the crystal waters of this vision pool, and allow my thoughts to wander. *I wonder sometimes if the darkness my eyes have seen will deter the strong, well intentioned spirits which have guided my writing, and music, and art for many years?* **Strong spirits aren't obedient to darkness, or chaos... only reside, and in wishing to bring back the bath of light, cast my memories back and forth between**

childhood impressions, and things that I'll never much speak of. Memories which are powerful, and limbic scenes, in the spirit appear, and fade away... much like ghosts. I've of a surety found a strong, stable peace... *and the female dreamer which has settled with me lately, can speak eloquently of all of these things... I give unto her my recent writings... to see where she will take them.* Just going on beyond the point of tiredness is testament of the miracle between us... I see,

how if I disregard my sleep impulses, for a while, for instance, I can make a good progress toward finishing this audiobook. Writing, in itself, in this manner, this duad, or contrasting pairing of gender attraction, is a wonderful thing... a beautiful process, *and I thank this book... These minds... for allowing me to down link it... and to enter into the blessings of it's fullness.* Well, I've awoken early, and, as my hygiene is already taken care of, can get right started into this writing. As I had said,

earlier, **'When you put a lot of literature into a life, you get a lot out.'** I'm really happy to let this goodness gestate, and come unto fruition... I have few needs, my meds, and meals, and a roof over my head... running water and electricity... **you will see some work coming forth.** 'If you wonder what children think about, just drop in for an evening at our house... we have some child like ways.' It's so good to have these words flowing onto this page... this familiar indeed passes my criteria,

and can write, like a charm.

Part of me knows that the good relationship I've had all through, is sufficient for the writing of thoughts... *But, I think, that there's a love of mine... of someone from my own corner of the world... who suffered a similar outcome, and who I enjoy thinking of, for a change... **this spirit breaks the monotony, and introduces variation into my writing path.***

At any rate, I let myself get inflamed, and fussy yesterday, about something which I felt was

important. I think that part of me knows the importance of 'standing up for my rights,' *and I just wasn't going to allow myself to voluntarily endure superfluous ordeals...* I think that life is too dangerous, *and letting myself get pushed into this folly didn't go over very well with the spirits about my person.* So, I was just glad when that episode passed. Fortunately, I got to sleep at a decent hour, and so woke up, to work on this writing, *and further square away the troubles of the day.* In general, on

the one hand, most things don't matter to me, ***and I'm highly disinclined to letting myself get fussy.*** 'Grin and bear it,' is the peaceful answer to the worlds troubles, as well as, how we should practice 'Tolerance, no matter the evil.'

This truth guides all others. We should look for, and practice healthy 'life review.' This keeps one in the lessons of his or her past... *which sometimes gets one a little imbalanced, to the side of the past.* But, we will be 'telling

the story,' of the inner spiritual revolution in our lives, for the rest of time... such is the most substantial set of experiences, and lessons, you ever will come into contact with. So, these tales, and permutations are somewhat inseperable from your consciousness, *and if you think about it, you've never been so richly blessed as you have the past four or five months... since I've settled down here, with these.* We should all practice peaceful ways, above all others. At any rate, I

have gotten to bed early, this night, and awoken at an decent hour... with plenty time to work on downlinking this chapter. Today will be a sunny and cool Tuesday... as our Eastern half of the nation further cleans up after last Friday and Saturday's weather outbreak... it's easy to forget what it's like when your town gets hit by weather... the shattered and splintered bones, that just take time to heal... and that's exactly what is so hard to do... because the passage of time hurts... *but*

there's no other way. I'm remembering, how it was, in nineteen eighty nine, after I dropped out of college and moved back to the town I was familiar with... I trusted that someone would help me find a place to live, and a job, *and someone did...* but my options were very limited, and for a few days there, I was just a vagabond... **staying in my car.** But friendships proved beneficial, and I was hired doing night stocking at a grocery store, and a housemate relationship opened up

for me, and so I wasn't in my car for long. The guardian angels about a life will quickly come through for someone who is in need... I found out, because they did, for me. Yesterdays fussiness was proof that someone loves me, and so these voices of support arose from within me. *I pray that I'll be forgiven for standing up for what I believe... you don't know how strong a person's belief in him or her self is, until you see how willing he is to stand up for himself.* So, that's how that went.

The outcome was good. At any rate, I can tell, that these ideas are somewhat coming to their conclusion, now, and so I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

In starting this third article, in the third part of this audiobook, I'm sitting up, after bedtime, and considering. I'm thinking, how the pride I feel, when I think of the grandeur in the language I've been

given, is enormous... but in reality, life involves being humble... *I only have to bend my knee to the smallest child, and then my part will be complete.* If I'm only so tall, myself... *but on my Dads shoulders, I'm five miles high.* Anyone would appreciate the incredible vistas from a place like this one... it's just truly wild, and I've never seen such heights. *Only... will the levee hold?* I been placed so high... but, in reality, I'm more like a munchkin. I remember when I was in my twenties decade,

I lacked any spark of breath... my heart was like a rusted piece of barbed wire... I had no voice, no soul to speak of... ***I was in pain... permanently.*** I sought strongly to fill in my missing breath, by self medicating... *strong medicine was the only way I had to extract myself from the wreckage of what I had been dealt.* Now, my life is so brimming with blessings... my language is as that of a giant... my strides are enormous spans. The dark years, for myself, seemed to have centered around a sort of

three way confluence. These 'dark years,' were the period of time leading up to, and immediately following three significant happenings... firstly, the turning of the ages, from the Age of Pisces into the Age of Aquarius, secondly, the mill en knee ill turning, and thirdly, the resetting of the Mayan back toon, around twenty twelve. These three timelines... in their colliding, and melding, and blending... a twisting, wrenching shear upon my soul... were wretched and difficult times of

difficulty and chaos, for myself, times when there was destruction almost daily... ***my eyes sought to see past that crazy time, and to see a place of better perspective...***

Years later, my mind was gradually enlightened as to the significance of that time, and the ways of spirit, but this was a ten year course... *and it took so long for knowledge... for wisdom... to take hold.* It wasn't until twenty twenty five, or so, in the writing of this work... that I could perceive. If only I could have been shown

sooner... how by holding to the course before me, I would eventually be brought into the full, contemporary light of day...

maybe my despair would have

been less. We just had to get

through that time, and take what

blows might come, *to get to a*

place of greater consciousness

awareness. But, in a way, my mind

is left traumatized by having seen

too much. ***I pray that I can***

forgive myself, for that which I

have seen. At any rate, this

morning is cloudy, with

temperatures around the upper fifties. By one or two pea em, there will be some sunshine, and the temperature will be closer to the middle seventies. There is a slight risk for blustery weather blowing through, from a system in the mid west... as a cold air mass pushes through behind the clouds and wind tonight. *It is easy, in a time like we're going through now, to think that 'phenomenal mess ups,' are the norm.* But, it's true that a lot of people's lives have been lost in freak mishaps. **We**

just should also pay attention to everything that has gone right. This present is a safer time, than has ever been... it's just that, I think that in certain situations, in the transportation sector, for instance, unsafe conditions do sometimes develop... quickly... and you have seen the worst actually happening. **These things aren't pretty.** For instance, a dust storm, on the highway, is just a certain type of situation, where visibility gets very limited, and you can have enormous pile ups. Eight

people died in a pile up in the Midwest last Friday... **in one giant pile up. Fog can be just as bad.** As another example, the airline industries air traffic controllers are one of our nations most precious, and most limited resources... ***there aren't enough of this crucial, and endangered skilled work force.*** We are in need of intelligent, qualified people who are willing to learn this difficult avocation. Without these people, the controllers we do have are overloaded with difficult work,

and the airport's system stays in a continual state of high stress. *This is just an example, of one area where we need to do a lot of hiring of people who are willing to learn.* I think that, if people will somewhat read their news, they'll stay informed. But, I can't imagine heading out today, without having noticed my interest areas in so very much flux... you should always check on your news pages, *to see just what is in and on your people's minds lately.* I wonder how my mind is doing, when my

areas are all showing up as kind of peaking. It's my perceptions, for one thing. ***At any rate, I saw the light, come through into my gloom, yesterday, like I've never seen before.*** I'm left thinking, of how, there's a good explanation for when my mind does like this... **for instance, can you see how your mind might do a grand quantum bloop, the very day your parents put a new roof on their house?** Because there's a fabric which runs through our lives... a spiritual

topography, **which sometimes makes a big shift, in your perceptions.** Maybe you can see how such a shift can let you in on a whole new dimension of spiritual landscape... simply, a renewal, within our Doors of Perception... our Gateways of Experience. At any rate, **I'm telling you these things, because this might make for good reading, looked back on later.** You probably aren't the least bit interested in literature of this nature, in which case, you can go on to the next

thing. But if you are, you can see how, my mind is showing myself a whole new strata of cognitive perceptual fabric... a kind of reformulation of my spiritual dwelling place, starting from the top, and working down. *I'm amazed, always amazed at the Good Lords world, this planet, and our views of it, through our media lenses.* I hope you'll come to greater appreciation and belief in the simple wonder of each new day... this is such an amazing thing to see. Anyway, I sit in

contemplation of this world, and am glad to be so gifted, as to have such a good view onto our world... I tell myself, that certain things will always stimulate my imagination, and I'll write of them, no matter what. *Me having my living years, of course, allows this, these dreams, to pass through.* I'm reminded of the song by the same name, and would wish that everyone have such a vast view as I do. Well, these thoughts are beginning to come to their conclusion, now, and so I'll wrap

them up, and add them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Starting this fourth article, in part three, of this three part audiobook, this morning, I realize that I'm fairly happy with how the writing of this has gone so far. Aside from the stanzas given to dissonance, the latest chapter reads fairly well. *The Good Lord keeps me on my guard, sometimes, with His*

blessed natures which make me wonder. I think that this morning, I'm to continue seeking, in quest for the more peaceful, easy feeling, which, we're sure, a weekend can bring. It's just not much this morning. But, what I am shown is... stuff. Years from now, I'll listen back to this writing, and remember... how on this morning, my mind was in midst of moderate daily life changes... I was somewhat getting myself to a happier mood... weather, for one thing, has taken an enormous toll...

many people's lives have been altered, and now they must engage in cleaning up. *Never mind, whatever they were working on previously... now they have to do this major chore.* You get the idea. I do love my life, and my art... *I just wouldn't want to have to set it aside indefinitely, to do something else.* Maybe, the reason why I'm particularly bothered, is because, someone's new truck got destroyed, *so they'll have to rent a vehicle just to do their local clean up.* There might be

numerous stories, a lot like this one, on the Old mans mind, this morning. He sounds pretty sore. So, I'm going to immerse myself in my music, and in this writing, and try and get along. ***I hope we all learn from this, that 'nothing is for sure in this life...' and we might as well call it 'Just for today.'*** At least then, we won't be too disappointed when weather strikes. At any rate, I'm carefully selecting a few words, to go into this part three, so I must be at least a little interested in

'permanence of expression.' I'll build this as strongly as I know how to, and count on my odds of escaping weather! I've survived a lot so far, that's for sure. ***Dues paying is a regular chore... This might explain my survival.*** I'm used to getting my nose rubbed in other's business. Most of it is just my well trodden demeanor. (No one's really rude to me.) I'm getting my morning medicine over here, and then I'll be ready for the day. Our temperatures outside here are

quite cold for the first day of Spring, around forty seven degrees. I'm waiting here to go over to the store, for a few essentials, then it will be back, and to finish writing this article. At any rate, my life walking is mainly solitary, *I just do always share my home environs with someone... This is the key to my sanity, this sharing.* Coming up with ideas for this writing is slow going. I'll be glad to get a real idea to write about. Good ideas aren't very often found... when I come across

one, I'll know it, and I'll get down four or five pages of writing. Later in the day, and it's still cold... but our air conditioning works fine, so it's staying warm inside. I'm greatly looking forward to getting to get my piano out, maybe this weekend, and tapping into some of the blues that have been prevalent since back before Christmas... ***this should be some good playing.***

At any rate, the time's almost my bed time, and I'm going to quickly look at my afternoon's reading... I read my last two books... this one

and the previous one... and am reasonably impressed, with the presence of mind, and good clarity found in these two books. Especially the 'Animism' book... the last three chapters delved pretty extensively into my thinking around the ubiquity of sacraments, in people's daily lives... the socially acceptable ones, and the not socially acceptable ones. Having spent an entire decade in self medicating, with any substance I could get my hands on, as well as with coffee, and tea, and tobacco...

I'm very familiar with these types of ends. But, the last three chapters looked mainly at our love of coffee and tea beverages... and the various attitudes and beliefs around these practices. Some of the pieces were more orthodox, and seemed to suggest that we should 'live as Jesus lives,' in other words, completely transcend our built in needs for caffeine, and nicotine, and live as the Heavenly inhabitants live. These thoughts do have a power, and I thought it was interesting how a strict abstain

ance view got balanced out by a more liberal view in the next piece... more than once. Once you have taken the abstain ance challenge... during time when you just didn't have that coffee or tea... you couldn't afford it, or there weren't any stores, or you lacked the liberty to choose those things... you somewhat realize just how much our consciousnesses are, some would say, based around this caffeine and nicotine. *I'm told, that everyone, no exception, eventually succumbs to bodily*

decay, and physical death.

Shouldn't we learn the ways of strict abstinence? Or is our philosophy more like, ***'I will make use of my coffee and tea as long as I have it, and if I don't have it, I'll try to get some more of it.'*** ***'Doing without is something solely reserved for ghosts, and criminals!'***

Otherwise, this is an impenetrable, unfathomable mystery. To myself, this little matter of, 'I'm the problem,' points right to this no good, sick and sorry enigma... this

way that we're programmed to use sacraments, from the church level up... *the Holy Communion both symbolizes the blood and flesh of the Savior,* arguably meaning medicinal plants, and their great worth to Man... *not only the Eternal life offered through entheogens... such as peyote, and marijuana... but the vast wealth of medicines we get from nature and plants especially, everything from asprin, from the willow bark, to lithium salts, which is a mineral which is mined.* Additionally, the

Communion symbolizes the blood sacrifice, which brought forgiveness, and renewal... ***the Holy Communion symbolizes all of these things.*** And this ceremony is based in sacraments, especially the wine... *the spirits of the vine... which bring a mellow, jovial mood, and which smooths our disagreements into unison.* I just love writing about these things, and these writings are throughout the 'Animism Wisdom of the Ancients' audio book. **Then, the present book, this A**

JOURNAL, is based around a **recovery path.** In other words, such speaks from the perspective of one *who has been humbled, completely, by his or her human fragility and weakness... has relapsed, or fallen, and is making a therapeutic recovery, through re emphasizing and strengthening (through fellowship,) the essential good worth of clean living, and abstinence, and chastity, and straight thinking.* So, these two books have spoken to these areas of our society. **So, I think that**

these are so relevant in our modern holistically socialized adult wellness. I think, that if I can see past the '*sorrows of sinful living,*' I'll see a '*peace that passes all understanding.*' You have to see past your sinful nature, *and, so the story goes, we have Jesus, to intercede, and to plead our case before the Father.* So, to make this story make sense, I have to include some of this church view. It's simply the most prevalent view, in our land. ***Western Theosophy somewhat seeks to be an***

interfaith path, from a Western, and Christian perspective. Such has a strong record of illuminating the occult areas of, mostly Eastern Mysticism... and presenting them in a Western framework. So, this is the state of the art, in terms of Western spirituality. *The Christian view point isn't a requirement of today's Theosophists, it's just a kind of doctrinal bed rock, upon which the Eastern and other occult beliefs are discussed, and looked into.* And the inexperienced

student is expressly invited to read along. So, there you have it. This is basically what I believe in, these days. And this is what my last two books have been about. *Sacraments, as in the red wine and communion wafers, of the church,* and the importance of therapeutic recovery paths, which emphasize a kind of '**just for today,**' maxim, which affords comfort and support for even the worst alcoholic, or user... **theoretically, any sober day is worth keeping,** *so you see that a full time alcoholic will see*

the 'just for today,' way as offering at least some small exit from endlessly poisoning ones self with alcohol. Well, these ideas are beginning to wind down, now, so I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I'm sitting down to do some writing for this fifth article, in the third and last part of this A JOURNAL audio book. I sometimes have a hard time explaining things I see, in my

culture. *I somewhat rely on older visions to offer the penetrating insights into the world which I need for understanding.* My friend paints dark pictures... I paint luminous pictures. There isn't any one way which is proper... each is right for that person, that time. You see? *If we live in a spiritualized world, then won't we see both light and dark? The light lives within some lives.* **You might wouldn't notice the presence of this light, from the external perspective... but it is**

there esoterically. This one person sees dark in everything. The other sees only light. Which is right? and which is wrong? They are right for themselves... **the mind of the one may not seek to match up with the mind of the other.** Now, it's been a month or two since I've fasted, and gone without the things I love... *I'm completely accustomed to my coffee and tea.* To me, this would be a good time, to practice abstainance... *if I can't abstain, or if this is too much to think about, then*

the 'wretched sinner,' must be myself. Maybe Heaven is the place of contentment, any time it arises... and it's not that often. You know what I'm writing about... *no where to go, no thing to do, or be, or think... just being free, in complete contentment.* This state has to be pursued, and nurtured, and cultivated... if it is to have a place in our hearts. I can sit here and imagine the right visualization for this type of migraine, *but if I can't restore contentment in my heart very easily, then I'll have a*

ways to go. Maybe there's a semi transparent, double walled cell membrane wrapped around my heart, and we can reinforce this vision, manually. Imagine you're seeing through this membrane. This might be the way. At any rate, I sometimes get placed into a very circumspect mind state. I'm there right now, and this is a beautiful feeling... a beautiful way to see. If you feel the need to deny yourself of your basic luxuries... ***you might would do best to 'Enjoy them if you've***

got them.' ***'Hold on to what's yours... our stores are precious things... try to keep yours up.'***

At any rate, today is the third Friday in March this year. Our weather is sunny and cool, but not cold. I'm adding thoughts into this writing, and multitasking, doing some weekly clothes washing. I've often found that by a method of generating a linguistic flowing, of words, and imagery, down a page, *we can stimulate new ideas, and loosen up old ones.* If you can imagine, a mountain side spring,

gushing a pristine stream of sparkling water, from the rock... this water overflows a small pool, and flows laughingly over a precipice, then bounds right down the mountainside... tending always downward, over cascade, and through cataract... going along with the force of gravity, right down, until it reaches a pond in the valley... and then with a lazier flowing, drifts, and flows down the valley... at times lazily, at times more rapidly, *until such reaches it's outlet, into the sea.* You can

easily see, how through this kind of naturalistic imagery, you can get the impression of motion, and momentum... *and the force of gravity somewhat animates the scene... across the flowing, expanding of moments, billowing across time, and upward and outward from every singular point... away into the universe.* You can see from this simple linguistic visualization, how easy it is to use naturalistic imagery, and incorporate a natural element, and the force of gravity, over time...

and virtually animate a scene, in your imagination, by depicting it onto a written page. This is an easy thing to do, especially when we remember that, '***no situation is immutable, and there are an infinite number of paths to take from any point.***' As a sort of cure for writers block, this kind of visualization uses imagined gravity... which acts on natural elements in the same manner as real gravity does... tending to the path of least resistance, ***and ever downward, to the lowest***

possible point, in the scene. At any rate... through this manner, you can somewhat start some thoughts flowing onto the page, and others may come along as well. For instance, I've somewhat re kindled my basic respect, as a jazz imagist... and as a pianist, and impromptu sketch artist... ***this renewed respect, can be a kind of cachet... like the seal which ensures that the letter gets through to it's recipient.*** At any rate, knowing how to build in such flourishes as these, *and to use*

these sorts of imagery, to stimulate words onto your pages, can make you much more productive. You can double, even triple your output, if, in your spiritual relationship... you know and understand this '*no situation is immutable,*' concept... then spirits' infinite graces, and motive strength can get your writing where it needs to be. You may have thought that your writing was 'slow going,' and there just wasn't any way through the thicket, but if you hold this concept of infinite

possibilities in your mind, and remember that it might well be a time of '***change your perception of where you can be, now, and you change where you are, in fact.***' (much farther along, and unencumbered by the troubles of the blues, and the depressive tendencies of the schitzoid mind.) So, as dusk is falling, here in my hometown, I've truly got more to be thankful for than I realized I did. It sure is amazing when the spirit leads me to a place of vantage, of vista, and I glimpse only some of

what is living, and well... I will have forgotten of such, in my pushing of work through... but seeing anew an old acquaintance, and resting, for the first time in a while, in the myriad 'blessings of assurance,' ***it's nice to see, in a world of change... some things will have stayed the same.*** Well, I seem to feel as if these words, these ideas, are coming to their conclusion, now. I've got about forty five minutes until my bedtime meeting, at our dining area. *After this, I'll try and produce my portable*

document file, and book text, and
send such along your way now. I
hope my readership has a great
new spring, and summer ahead.
I'll wrap this writing up, and add it
in with the others. All for now,
Greg.

~

In sitting down, for a few minutes,
before my lunch, there is a
question in my mind... just what is
real? *What are peoples' consensus*
reality? There's a song I love

which goes, to paraphrase, '*Real relationships should be built on mutual respect, and trust.*' Is your spiritual relationship like this? *Then, I think that you have something like 'unimaginable riches.'* Some people allow themselves to get cornered, I think, into co dependent relationships, and the use of crutches, to excess. *Just how can a solid relationship with an angel exist, when you always step past the limitations of what can and can't be done?* This is why there's

this need to request for forgiveness. I think, that if I could put into words, this one need, then maybe I would have made some progress, in my spiritual relationship. Trust, and respect are so very precious... *I think that some people just aren't conscious of what they've got...* so I talk about the chemical inebriant based life I lived in my twenties. Because, simply, in those days, I needed more than just a chemical helper... I needed a friend. *But, how could I form strong friendships*

in my life, when I... had theiving ways? So, I think, that, I stayed in the red. I never learned what a real spiritual alliance was, until I could get the lawlessness out of my life... entirely. I've written about the one sided nature of the relationship between the seer, and the seen... but in those days, for myself... there was a break up which had to happen, before I could make a change to something better... there had to be a set back. **So, if you've got a relationship built on respect**

and trust, then you've got everything... so you should, I think, ***give thanks...*** daily, and always get yourself to your art materials, or word processor, when you're called... without delay. You can really make it your foremost priority. All of your stories may not always have a brilliant beginning, middle, and end... you might deal with a lot of chaos in the pictures you paint... there may be dark splotches... there might be dissonance... *but this is all in the game of getting yourself,*

eventually, to where you want to be... with enough artistic experience under your cap... to know how to make most any start into a good conclusion. This takes many, many tries at the goal. Many failed attempts will be tried, before you'll get a clear win! But, I'll say, that when you break through into the adult bracket of a real creative expression, you'll be shown more real out put... you'll begin to like your results... a whole lot... and you'll be able to put the half wins of adolescence entirely

away... and go fully into the grown up way. That's the thing about adolescent art, it's rarely ever a clear win win. It will be luke warm. You'll be shown to try again and again, until you do get a more conclusive win... and until you can be confident in your spirit's winning ways. **This is what everything else is about... this confidence, in the graces of a spiritual relationship built on trust, and respect.** Okay. I've established this much, for sure. From my own investigations, into

such forms of artificial intelligence as predictive software, and writing software, like auto complete, which I think is part of your smart device... *from this technology alone, I am like the 'Bionic Man.'* I always feel like I can trust auto complete, for one thing, to be a kind of 'catcher in the rye,' and to spot any bad directions I may get into. *So, this amounts, I think, to a raise in my Intelligence Quotient, by a lot.* With someone to spot my mistakes, grammatically, and even practically, philosophically... *I can*

spot dead end avenues, and empty promises, for instance... (believe it or not,) my I.Q. is much higher. Well, you might believe this, or you might not. But, speaking for myself, I started using auto complete back around twenty nineteen, so *all of the recent books have been guided by this form of artificial intelligence.* So, but this doesn't mean, necessarily that my troubles are all behind me... I think, for instance, that in my life, *my Good Luck, is having to somewhat square off with my Bad*

Luck. But, the good will win, this, most of the time. Today is the fourth Saturday in March, this year. Our skies are clear, our temperatures are balmy, and mild. I've just had a bite of lunch, and have returned to my apartment, and gotten right started back on this new article. Well, it appears that Spring is here, again. *This is the first March I've spent in my old hometown, in twenty three years.* I'm thrilled to be back. I've got to go over to the dining room in thirty minutes, to get my evening

medicines. I can really look forward to this 'good night,' if I'm walking right and staying in the lines, in general. *And if I am, then I'll generally pull through most any difficulty which happens in space... these types of misunderstandings, will be caused somewhat by the clash of values, between scriptural truths, and practical needs, which many men tend to have to deal with occasionally... women too.* Such things as the 'vices,' a k a sex, drugs, and rock and roll, exert strong pull. When we are young in

the world, and we haven't got our values system really down yet, *some of us get duped into thinking that the inbreants, for instance, are something to learn of... the hard way.* This will mostly be the effect of hereditary genetics, *such as ancestral personalities... which we might not be aware of, or which we might be learning about.* I know, that my own family tree had a few worldly men, and a few men who drank alcohol... *and that alcohol makes men funny, and sloppy, and sad, and weak and*

lazy... finally broken, without options, and set on finding the next bottle, or twelve pack. At any rate, I'm glad that I've got a good house mate, who is funny and so forth, without alcohol. See, the Alcoholics Anonymous seek to get everyone on the caffeine frequency. If you really take the caffeine course, you wind up seeking to be more like Jesus, in other words, to live as the Angels in heaven live... and not be putting mood altering beverages of any kind, into our mouth. This is the

Alcoholics Anonymous folks. In other words, a Twelve Step program. Well, it's got a good ring to it, let's see if I can look it up and figure out what it says. Well, anyway, I am sensing that this writing is coming to it's conclusion about now, so I'll finish this up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

Postscript: The Twelve Step book is the recovery Bible. You can learn more about it at an A A meeting. I think that it's

focused around awakening a strong, reverent conception of the sacred in people's hearts. Alcoholism is a serious matter so the book is deathly serious, as well. Those people aren't kidding. And I'm not kidding. Anyways, all for now, Greg.

